Catherine Ethel R

Silver Sands

1949

LITERARY ISSUE

Good Luck...
To a Swell Girl
Patsy Dimpkey "51"

Bed Dishes.
Marie Baldwin

Luck to a pal
Love Joan Morris "51"

Love
Luck
Leisure
Helen-Anne

Good Luck
Marie Ahl "51"

Good Luck
M. Regina Farrell '51

Best of Everything
Josephine

Luck always
Jeanette Cornwell
'51

Smooth sailing
Lita Boyle

Late hours in your future years, at "Bay"
Mary Ann Dillon '51

Smooth
sailing
on the

Patsy Farrell '51

Lots of luck
Babs Brandlay
"51"

Catherine Etzel '51

Best of Luck Always
Susan Mangelsdorf "51"

Many more years of happiness
Mary Jane Kane

Lots of Luck
Judy
Joan Hunt

Loads of Luck
Madeline McDermott

Best Wishes
Nancy Shields '51

Best Wishes,
Joan Boudreau "51"

Luck always!
Robbie "51"

Good Luck
Marie Dunn
"51"

Love & Luck Anna May Conley '51

Eleanor Conners '51

Love Frances Uhling '51

All my love, Lillian Kyles '51

Love & Luck, Connie

Mary '51

Your Pal, Mary Falkenstein

Smooth Sailing "51"
Peggy Cooper

Best of Luck
Joan Edmondson

Lots of Luck
Peggy
Kelly '51

Best of Luck "Connie" '51

Lots of Luck
Peggy Kerrane

Good Luck Always
Dolores Clements
'51

Joan Bergmaier '51

Best of Luck
Elaine Grandy

Smooth Sailing on the Sea of Success
Mark Conway '51

Love & Luck
Mary A. '51

Lots of Luck
Pat McClurk (51)

5 cc.

Best of Luck always
Cassie McKee '51

Luck always
Susan Mangiamele '51

Love always
Peggy Breide

God Luck
Liz Lehrer '51

Love & Luck
Kathleen White '51

Love
Anna T. Kelly

Lots of Luck
Anna Marie Evans

Loads of Luck
Dot Schaefer - '51

Love & Luck always
Tasmania O'Neill

Lots of Luck
Jeanne Marion

Love & Luck
Carol Sheehan '51

Lots of Luck always
Jeanie
Di Bona

Success forever
Smith
Sabey
D. Evans '51

Good Luck
Anna Marie Frizzell

.50
"51

PRESENTING . . .

Love & Luck
Josephine Fabio
"51

Love & Luck
Mary Diviney
"51

Good Luck
Catherine Harrold
"51

SILVER

JOHN W. HALLAHAN

CATHOLIC GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL

SANDS

LITERARY ISSUE

PHILADELPHIA • PENNSYLVANIA

1949

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Geraldine Krick, '49
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Published twice during the school year by the students of the John W. Hallahan Catholic Girls' High School, at Nineteenth and Wood Streets, in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

SO DEAR TO OUR HEARTS ARE THE SCENES OF OUR CHILDHOOD! A. Barbara Coane, Elizabeth Cavanaugh, Anna V. Daly, Joan Maggioncalda, Dorothy Webb, seniors all, show this is true, since *fond recollection* prompts their essays. Barbara and Elizabeth are newcomers to the pages of SILVER SANDS but Dorothy, who last year delighted us with an essay called *Shopping with Mama,* returns this time with *Life with Papa.*

PRECIOUS, TOO, are *Sophomores' Whimsies* and the contributions of the Junior poets, Catherine Harmer and Rita Colbert. The former also shows skill in her story, *The Fan.*

DEAR TO OUR HEARTS should prove the work of editor Marion J. Morris, who as a junior was voted the most popular writer in her class. She is here again with the old gaiety in *Merry Christmas, Santa.* That wistful streak in her turns up in *There Will Be Time,* while the editor goes poetic in the lyric, *Mary's Hands.*

DEAR TO ALL HEARTS are stories. Do read, then, *Right to a Tee,* by Geraldine Crowthers, and *Love Thy Neighbor,* by Loretta Tortella, Geraldine knows her golf, but Loretta knows a universal language—love. For something with senior sophistication read Joan Donohue's *Now It Is Spring* or Catherine Moylan's *Not in the Blueprint.*

SO DEAR TO OUR HEARTS are the experiences, the memories, and the bits of inspirations captured here! Treasured, too, will be the message of one who has not forgotten this school, the scene of her girlhood. Sister Patricia Marie's editorial will challenge all who hold religion dear to the heart.

***COVER** Photograph of Our Lady of Hallahan from an oil painting by two former Hallahan students, Margaret Zangerle, '43 and Irene Tolosky, '43.*

By Josephine Thomas, '49

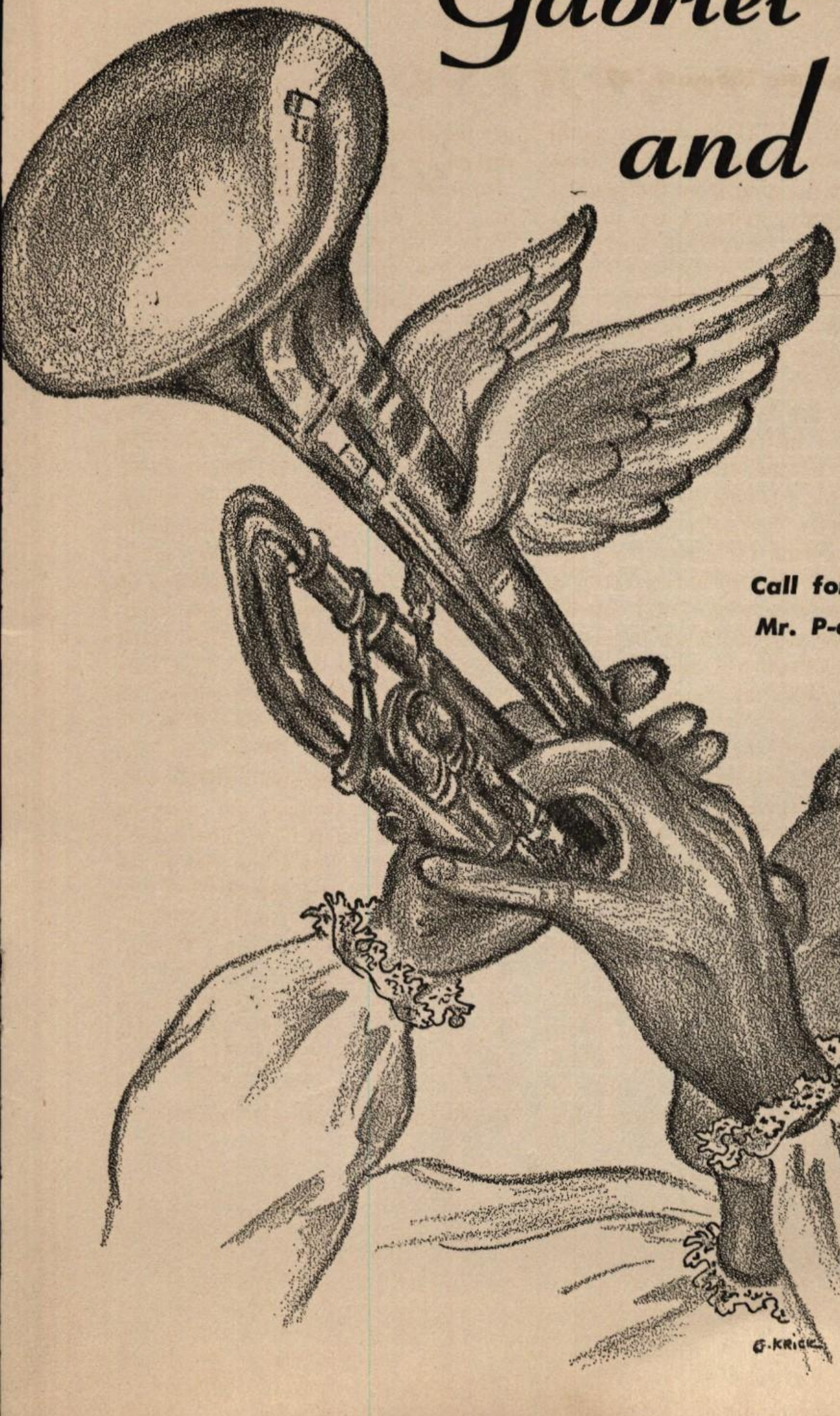
MUSIC HATH charms to soothe the savage beast, but not civilized people, judging from the reaction of my friends. When I try to converse in the "universal language" with my trumpet, a grand rush for the door is the result. Why does my appearance over the weekend with a trumpet signal preparation for a two-day Reign of Terror? Well, when auditioned for the music department I chose an instrument, beautiful in the hands of the archangel Gabriel, but tympanic mayhem in mine. Since my freshman year, the demand for absorbent cotton for ear-stuffing purposes has increased unbelievably at our corner drugstore. Total evacuation of the neighborhood begins on Friday night when I come with my trumpet. Even my family joins in these treks.

By the way, for obvious reasons, my favorite themesong is "I Walk Alone" and favorite program "The Lone Ranger." I have been asked by the hastily assembled S.P.C.E. (Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Eardrums) to take up a quieter form of the fine arts. It seems they prefer chamber music in which strings are the featured members. Housewives have tried bribery in the interest of young infants whose slumber is disturbed by an ill-timed clarion call. They conveniently forget the sleepless nights I've spent disturbed by ill-timed baby wails. I've also been offered the newest "new look", the ever-stylish straitjacket.

But wait, the outcome is not a total loss. People who have not spoken for years gather to berate me soundly. See? The end can sometimes justify the means. In our section the Bogie Man has been abolished. Doting parents simply tell their offsprings to be good or they might grow up to be trumpet players like that Thomas girl. Thus they curb juvenile delinquency, ninety-nine percent of the time, without the aid of legend. Other musicians (no trumpeters) have sprung up to drown me out by numerical competition, but with true Hallahan spirit I defiantly "blow my top." One lady even said I was her Purgatory on earth and that she expected to go straight to heaven. When she gets there she's going to see if angels with flutes can't reawaken the sleeping world on Judgment Day. She doesn't like trumpets. (Now is the time to see Mr. Petrillo about a celestial job.)

They laughed at Thomas Edison; he was right. They scorned Fulton; he proved his scoffers false. Columbus was ridiculed but we of today know that the world is round. Now people are laughing at me and—ahem. But one question still haunts me. Did Harry James go through this?

Gabriel and I



Call for

Mr. P-e-t-r-i-l-l-o!

G. KRICK

Now It Is SPRING

By Joan M. Donohue, '49

JANIE ALLEN sank with a sigh into a large, comfortable chair in the living room. She looked about her at the room which was so tastefully furnished and which so well revealed her personality. Janie was very happy today. Indeed, most of her life had been spent in being happy and contented. At twenty-six she was a successful career woman and a good deal more besides. Now, in the midst of her spring house cleaning, she paused for a few moments to rest, and only half realizing what she was doing, began to muse over the past few years which she laughingly referred to as the "green years."

It was funny, she thought, that once she had met Jack Richards her whole life seemed to have changed. She had been introduced to him at a party and had liked him immediately. He was rather handsome in that he was the type of boy usually depicted as the "Regular American Youth." He had called her the following week and asked for a date, and Janie had accepted with well concealed enthusiasm.

The night had been such fun that it had been hard to conceal her pleasure when he had asked her to go out with him the following week. It was on this date that she had discovered something that faintly disturbed her —Jack was not a Catholic. Still, she reasoned, I don't intend to marry him so it won't cause any harm to go out with him occasionally. She was still more disturbed, however, when she found that it had become increasingly difficult to refuse dates with Jack. "I'll have to stop going with him," she had promised herself determinedly. But this was one promise, she realized later, she had not kept.

Janie had continued her dates with Jack and exactly eight months after she had met him, he proposed. His words filled her with a slow surprise as she realized with something akin to awe that she had loved him for some time.

Some weeks later Janie had undertaken to explain to Jack the more important Catholic teachings concerning marriage. He had looked faintly puzzled, she remembered, but had agreed to see the parish priest with her the following night. Jack had acknowledged her introduction and Father Malloy began at once to explain the duties of a non-Catholic in a marrage sanctified by God. Jack had

nodded agreement to the priest's words until Father had explained that any children must be reared in the Catholic Faith and that Jack must promise not to interfere in any way. Janie still remembered the feeling of terror that had swept through her as she had watched the expression on Jack's face. It was one that showed total disbelief in the words that the priest was speaking. She could laugh now at the way Jack had jumped from his chair. He had leaned on the desk and said, "Look, Father, I'm perfectly willing to live up to everything but that. I won't interfere with Janie's practicing her religion if she wants to. But I won't have any children of mine...."

Janie had listened to the ensuing words while fear and disappointment had clutched at her heart. She had attempted to concentrate on the scene but her mind refused to function. She was roused from her lethargy only when Jack terminated his violent tirade, snatched his hat from the rack, and left.

Janie had spent the night dissolved in tears. When she rose to go to work the following morning, her face had been swollen, conclusive evidence of the manner in which she had passed the night. Janie spent two weeks immersed in the deepest depression she had ever known, but finally the worst was over. Now that she was able to consider Jack a closed chapter in her life, she attacked her work with renewed vigor. Janie had always liked her position and at twenty-two had held the office of junior executive. Advancement had been rapid and the salary excellent. Janie lacked nothing that money could buy, but the one thing she desired most could not be bought. She had gone out with other young men, but always she had found herself comparing them with Jack Richards. Jack was taller; Jack was kinder; Jack had higher principles and ideals. Thus time had passed and after three years Janie Allen thought herself completely cured. At twenty-five she had been the most highly paid woman in the employ of the Harland Interior Decorating Co. And then, unexpectedly, Janie's whole future was changed. One day Father Malloy introduced her to his latest convert.

She was roused from her reverie by the sound of footsteps coming up the path. She moved to the mirror which hung above the fireplace, and smoothed her hair and examined her make-up critically. "You should be ashamed of yourself, Janie Richards," she whispered softly, "stopping right in the middle of your housework to reminisce about your green years." As the door opened and she heard

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The Inside Story

By Agnes Kapinka, '49 **Illustrated by Honora Jenson, '50**

DICK TRACY discovered Gravel Gertie! Knobby Walsh discovered Joe Palooka! Yet these discoveries are nothing compared to the discovery I have recently made. I have been successful in discovering why students fail in a test even after they've studied all night. How did I come upon this important discovery? If you promise not to divulge the secret I'll tell you. It was a memorable day that I walked down the school corridor checking over my information for the literature test which I had to take. "Shakespeare's dates are 1564 to 1616. Byron wrote *Hours of Idleness.*"

My steps were confident as I entered room 3 because all the necessary facts were safely filed in my memory. Seated in my desk, my pen filled, I received the test paper. I examined it and with a smile I started. I knew all the answers. The first question was, "What are Shakespeare's dates?" Immediately I started to write 1564 to 1616. Suddenly a tiny voice said, "Oh, no, they aren't. Those are the dates of the Renaissance." "Oh, yes, they are," countered another tiny voice. "Oh no, they aren't"—"Oh yes, they are," was all I heard. My smug complacency was disturbed. All the facts were beginning to become jumbled. Was I just imagining those voices?

Looking around I saw a group of tiny elves scattered over my desk. One bold rascal was even perched on the top of my pen. Another mischievous imp was swinging back and forth on a lock of my hair. Still others reclined on my shoulder. "Now what was that answer?" I was in doubt! "Oh, well," I thought, "I'll go on to the next question. Who wrote *Hours of Idleness?* Aha." I began to gloat. "At least there's no doubt about this. The answer is Byron." In my best penmanship I started to write "Byron" when the elf perched atop my pen disagreed so vehemently that a blot of ink suddenly appeared on my paper. Before I could stop them, two of the elves seized my eraser and dexterously commenced to rub until they had worn a hole in the paper. (All my teachers please note. You see it isn't through carelessness that those ink spots and holes appear on my papers. All the fault lies with those troublesome elves.)

While all this was going on, the time allotted for the test was slowly diminishing. With one last effort I quickly wrote down the answers I still knew. But, alas and alack, the number was small, and those that I did know caused such discord among the elves

Continued on Page 16

I'm The Youngest

By Joan Herron, '49

OH, HOW painful those words can be to you if you are that unfortunate, insignificant, person usually called the "youngest". At the table, for instance, you wait patiently for an opening, only to be nipped right in the bud of your opening sentence. When finally, there is an opening, (which is probably due at the moment to the fact that everyone's mouth is occupied with food) you uncover that bolt of atomic information, which you thought would result in an explosion if you had been forced to keep it in any longer. As you sit there seething, for everyone has given just the customary nod, you dream up fantastic situations, every one of which portrays your family hanging on your every word. Your reverie is usually encroached upon by Mother who would like to know of what you're dreaming, as your fork as yet has not reached your mouth.

Then, the fateful night arrives—all eyes are turned to you. To what do you owe this unexpected attention? Oh, of course, something has been done detrimental to family rules. Did you do it? Certainly! Who else but you could be capable of such imbecility? Who else but you would forget to lock the front door, hang the telephone receiver up, or turn the oven off, and so on through a succession of your (to them) insufferable habits? After murmuring your apologies to each accuser—rather abuser, you sit there and wait for the next time that your family will know that you too are a member of the household. At the same time, you hope that when they do, it will not be the result of some misdemeanor on your part. Well, grin and bear it. Some day when your brothers' and sisters' hair is beginning to look as if they had just brushed against one of the blackboards at Hallahan, you can remind them, "I'm the youngest".

★ ★ ★

It's fun!
To be a musician
And live in music land,
To follow all the instruments,
The wave of our maestro's hand.

It's fun!
To sit and practice
On violin, so sweet,
Especially when you overcome
That amateurish squeak.

BARBARA GLENNON, '51

THERE WILL BE TIME . . .

By Marion J. Morris, '49

IT WAS night. Down by the wharf the rain beat relentlessly on the boat anchored at its mooring. She stood on the deck bundled in a mannish raincoat, her face wet and shining. Chris tried to remember. Once they had been a part of this lake—she and Bob—a part of its glistening waters.

Chris could still see him just as she had always remembered him on the lake—she pictured his skill in rowing, that perfect diving form, that gorgeous tan. How she had admired him! She became his favorite satellite. He taught her to swim, and row, and she, in return, often read to him as they basked in the sun on the white pebble beach.

He went away that fall to college. Chris missed him, but always she thought of his winter vacation. She had a surprise for him—she could ice skate. Chris had taught herself dusky afternoons on the frozen lake.

Now, finally, Bob was home. "Bob, come down to our lake and (she grew prouder at the words) skate with me."

The twinkle in his brown eyes, his delight at her efforts was reward enough. His encouraging words—how she cherished them now—his last gift. Ice on the far side was thin, the water, deep. "No, Bob, look out"—her warning came too late. "Chris"—she could still hear his helpless cry as he disappeared. The ice pinned him beneath its cold spread. He hadn't even a chance.

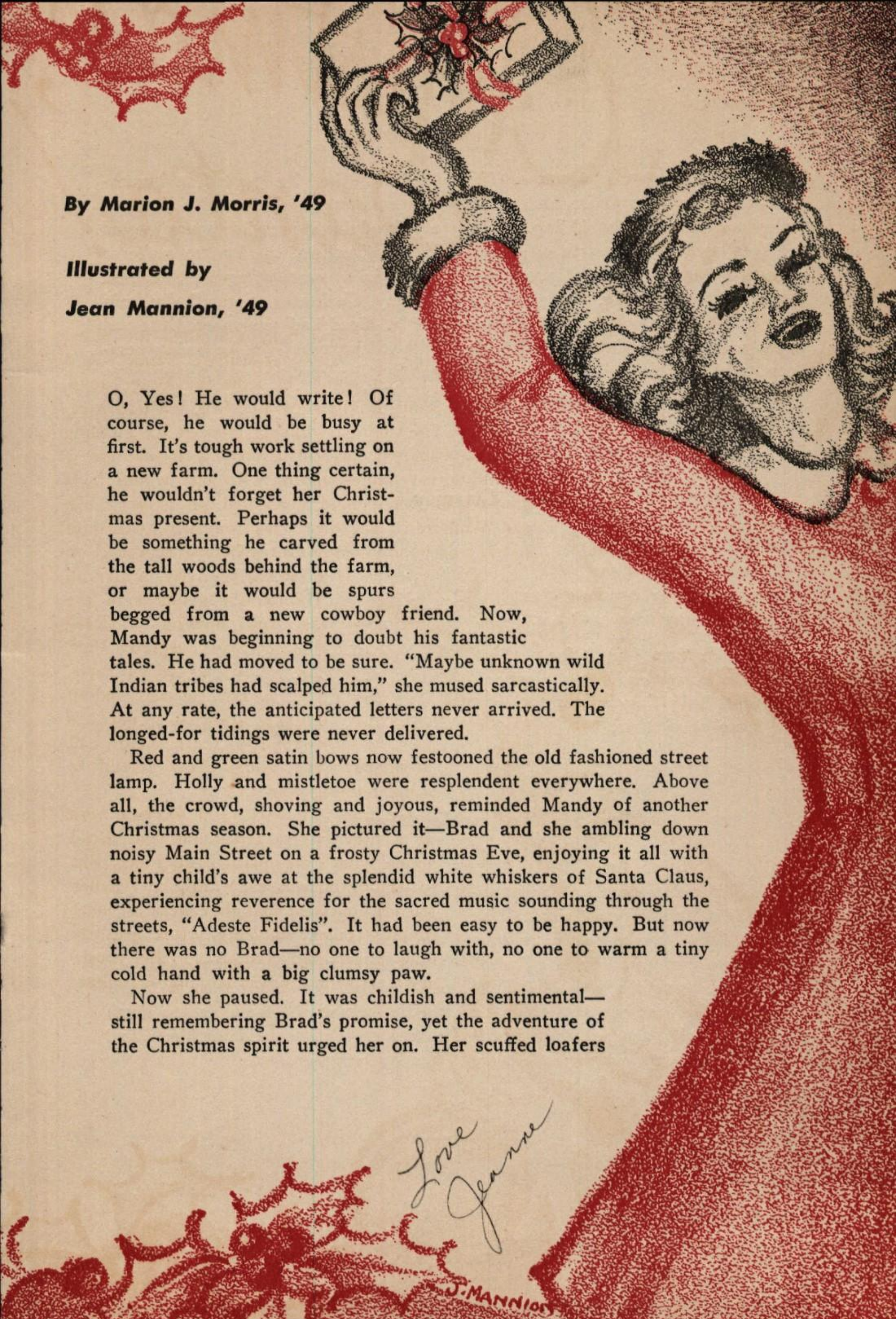
Chris leaned over the side rail now gazing far down to penetrate the greedy, turbulent water. She had to leave. The car was waiting to take her home—to the new house away from here. She lingered a moment and then started the long climb up the sloping street. Someday she would come back. Chris and the lake could be friends again. She paused halfway up the steep incline and turned. One day she would no longer see Bob's face in every wave. Chris could smile and no tears would come rushing to her eyes. Till then—she hurried away into the rain and the night.

Someday she would forgive the waters for capturing him—her Bob, her dearest brother.

Merry Christmas, Santa!

FRESHLY-CUT pine boughs scented the biting December air. An over-stuffed Santa Claus winked merrily at passers-by from his corner stand. The boisterous tinkling of his bell jolted Mandy from her reverie. She quickly crossed the bustling street and paused only for a moment to gaze into a dreamy dress shop window. No one would have guessed the excitement concealed inside her. She had a mission. The post office was her goal. Her last ray of hope in American manhood depended on what she received on arrival. Though the evidence of the last few months indicated that he had forgotten her, she refused to accept facts. The corners of her mouth quirked upwards. A package would be there. He had promised! She would allow herself to think nothing else.

He was tall, dark, and football hero at Center High. His name was Brad Jones. That's all—plain Brad Jones. But to Mandy he was everything. Even her friends conceded that they were an ideal couple. Then, suddenly, after graduation, Brad had announced the tragic news. His family was moving out West.



By Marion J. Morris, '49

Illustrated by

Jean Mannion, '49

O, Yes! He would write! Of course, he would be busy at first. It's tough work settling on a new farm. One thing certain, he wouldn't forget her Christmas present. Perhaps it would be something he carved from the tall woods behind the farm, or maybe it would be spurs begged from a new cowboy friend. Now, Mandy was beginning to doubt his fantastic tales. He had moved to be sure. "Maybe unknown wild Indian tribes had scalped him," she mused sarcastically. At any rate, the anticipated letters never arrived. The longed-for tidings were never delivered.

Red and green satin bows now festooned the old fashioned street lamp. Holly and mistletoe were resplendent everywhere. Above all, the crowd, shoving and joyous, reminded Mandy of another Christmas season. She pictured it—Brad and she ambling down noisy Main Street on a frosty Christmas Eve, enjoying it all with a tiny child's awe at the splendid white whiskers of Santa Claus, experiencing reverence for the sacred music sounding through the streets, "Adeste Fidelis". It had been easy to be happy. But now there was no Brad—no one to laugh with, no one to warm a tiny cold hand with a big clumsy paw.

Now she paused. It was childish and sentimental—still remembering Brad's promise, yet the adventure of the Christmas spirit urged her on. Her scuffed loafers

shuffled up the white stone steps. The United States Post Office had never looked so stern, so forbidding. With her last ounce of strength she flung open the heavy door and proceeded into the noisy interior.

A half hour later the chilly Santa Claus was still ringing his bell. He gazed wistfully at the passing young girl, wishing he could contract some of that sincere spirit. Her eyes were twinkling, her lips parted in breathless excitement. He caught sight of a pair of shining cowboy spurs jingled in his direction. He had to smile at the girl's captivating enthusiasm. "Merry Christmas, Santa," she said softly. Brad had remembered. It had been a long time—but he had remembered. She hurried on whispering to herself the words in Brad's note, "To Mandy, with all my love."

Granny

A little boy and girl
Climb upon her knee
And bring the sunshine closer
To a Granny who can't see.

She tells them fairy tales,
Quotes poems and funny rhymes;
Counts baby fingers, one to ten,
Oh, so many times!

When the day is over,
Off to bed they start.
She hears them patter up the stairs,
The darlings of her heart.

But there will be tomorrow
And clamoring at her knee,
They'll beg another story
From a Granny who can't see.

CECILIA TRUXELL, '50

The Inside Story

Continued from Page 11

that my paper soon lost that "untouched by human hand" look. The minutes flew by, the test was over and I knew that I had failed. The elf on my pen carefully unseated himself, the other took one last swing on my lock of hair (and poked me in the eye) and the remaining ones left my shoulder. Together they sauntered off, proud that they had accomplished their mischief. Through investigation, I learned that these elves are relatives of "Sandy." He sends them to make us fail because he loves us too much to want us to leave Hallahan. And thereby hangs the tale.

In the Shadow of HALLAHAN

By A. Barbara Coane, '49

MUST I leave you Alma Mater, after twelve happy years? Remember my first days in school? I learned my alphabet in rhythm with your basketball cheers and played at recess listening to the chattering of Hallahan girls drifting out to me from your open cafeteria windows. Yes, I am one of the lucky few who have been part of Hallahan from the beginning. I am a graduate of the Cathedral School which comprises the first floor of a building, the rest of which is occupied by the high school. Remember how I would crane my neck to get a peek into Room 101 and Room 111?

By the time I had reached the fifth grade I had become a Cathedral cheerleader. It was a Hallahan cheerleader who taught me to perform in spirited fashion. Our basketball team was in tip-top shape as a result of practice with your famous varsity. Even then one was eager to be identified with basketball in the hope that when she came to Hallahan she might make Alma Mater's great team.

Remember the time I as in the sixth grade? I wore your uniform then; only it had a gold C.G.S. embroidered on it. I was going on an errand to the main office in the Hallahan building; it was at the change of classes. I had left the Cathedral building and was striving vainly to get through the throngs crowding the second floor Hallahan. Suddenly authority grabbed me and pulled me from the line. I was petrified. Sister gave me a green slip and told me to write my name on it. I wonderingly did as I was directed. Sister took the slip and told me to walk on the right side of the corridor if I wished to avoid another detention. Then Sister took a good look at me and laughed. "Never mind," she said "just remember the green slip when you come to Hallahan."

Long before I became a first year student I knew every nook and corner of Hallahan. You were a part of me even then, Alma Mater. When I became a freshman I was overjoyed. Now I was a true Hallahanite. The emblem I wore may have been green but I was not. I already knew the school customs and ideals.

Every time I pass by Room 1 in the main building I see the word "Cathedral" above the door. That title tells me that my parish was one of the contributors to the establishment of a room in the John W. Hallahan,

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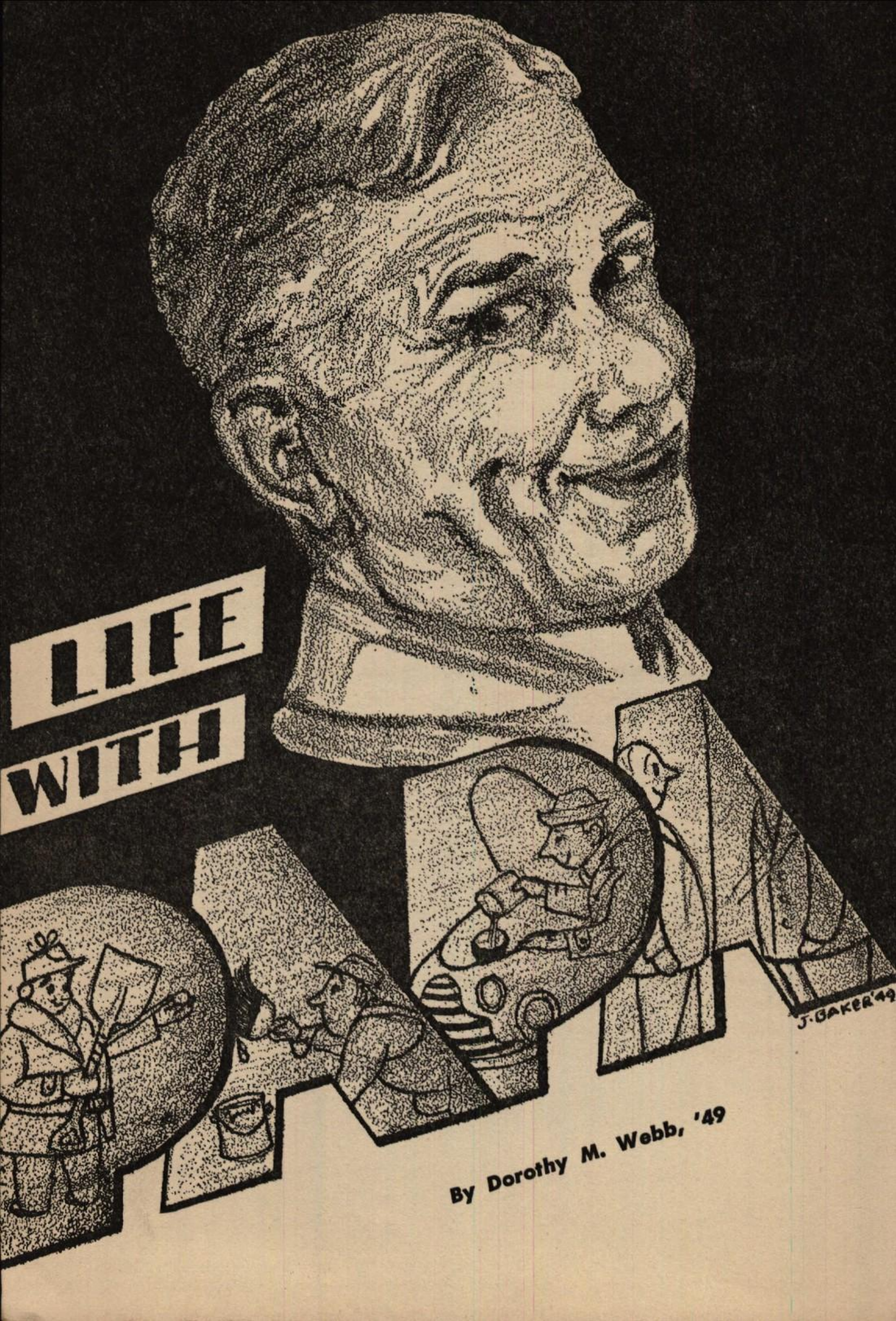


By Dorothy M. Webb, '49

PAPA, by his own admission, was once a Beau Brummel with blond hair, blue eyes and rosy cheeks, and the ladies had to be driven forcibly from his mother's doorsteps. (Mamma refuses to corroborate this wild tale). His eyes are still wonderfully blue, but now there are only barely perceptible traces of his fabulous beauty. However, if the years have filched from him his youthful charm, they have replaced it with a magnanimous heart and mind, and he has created a deep and lasting influence over his children.

I can remember well my first trip to the seashore with the blue-and-white sky overhead, the sunny sands on which Mamma had us youngsters seated, and the vast expanse of sparkling waters. Out there in the deep somewhere, Papa was frisking around. Mamma always referred to him as a "fish." Mamma herself was inclined to pick her way down to the ocean, test it cautiously with her big toe, and then ease herself gently into its waters. This was a source of amusement to Papa; and feeling reckless with the power of the elements, he crept underwater upon Mamma who was gingerly finishing her testing routine, and pulled her in with a "plop!" The water must have been all of two feet, and Mamma was plainly visible to view, but somehow some water must have entered her eyes and mouth. To Mamma, this was drowning! She rescued herself from the danger, gasped her way to safety on the beach, and then broke into an angry squawking. Her impressionable chicks sat wide-eyed and open-eared as Papa's hilarity faded to a grin and died amidst futile apologies and explanations. We went home instilled with a new sense of danger, and Papa went home with his tail dragging and his ears down. To this day, though maturity has erased many childish fears, none of us will become so familiar with the ocean as to cultivate the art of swimming. We all follow Mamma's routine at the seashore. When our only boy went overseas to war, we were not so concerned with his being shot on land as we were with the fact that he might die on the waters.

Life with Papa has developed in Mamma the skills of the plumber, electrician, and general maintenance man. Every summer our screens are erected according to a pattern. It will be Memorial Day, or some equally rare and precious day of leisure, and Papa will be contemplating pleasant relaxation while Mamma calculates means of employing this source of available labor. So Papa finds himself in the cellar where he totes the screens while Mamma issues the orders. When the screens are assembled in the back of the house, Mamma considers Papa's ability sufficent to dust them with little inter-

ference from her. However, the screens usually have to be straightened and adjusted and require all sorts of nails and screws. Mamma is not particularly fond of Papa's manner of wielding a hammer, nor does she have confidence in his method of placing nails: therefore, Mamma proceeds to give directions which Papa never understands. Her efforts to impart her ideas and Papa's inability to comprehend often get quite loud, and the noise of Mamma and Papa together with the noise of the hammer makes any kind of concentration by their children well-nigh impossible. Mamma can be heard to exasperate, "Joe, it's a good thing God made you a boss. You don't appear to be much good for anything else." Shortly thereafter, Papa will seek the solace of his arm chair in the living room, and casting his eyes, martyr-like. to the ceiling, will ejaculate, "O Lord, nobody knows what I go through!"

However, it is my private opinion that Papa is capable of a really professional job if Mamma would only get out of the back seat, for I recall the two-inch patch that he so skillfully applied to our screen door this year and the air of quiet satisfaction and pride which emanated from him throughout the entire day.

Contrary to the usual order in families, when they plan to go out, Mamma is always ready before Papa. Papa's hair-do can be the source of maddening delay. Mamma restlessly waits downstairs and sputters intermittently, "Joe, for heaven's sake, hurry up!" Papa is upstairs engrossed in the problem of covering a broad dome with a few hairs. It presents a challenge, but Papa has become quite skilled. With the aid of a long, slender comb, he spaces each hair with mathematical accuracy, and with the aid of a wide, flat hairbrush, he plasters them into position. His patience, his application and his technique are wonderful to see. On occasion, when a nettled Mamma and a self-satisfied Papa finally leave our portals, a playful breeze has been known to play havoc with his coiffure and instantly ruin the tedious work of an hour.

I see the years already beginning to settle upon my Papa, although he is yet remarkably slim and graceful of figure. I behold him quietly hard-working and conscientious, and when I notice that his hair is less blond and a little whiter, I am aware of the sweet comfort that pervades my life and the wonderful opportunity he has made available to me, and my heart wells up with love for my Papa.

The Hang of It

By Joan M. Robinson, '51

I WAS only a little tot, but I shall never forget the time my father and his assistants papered our parlor. Mother was about to call the paperhanger for the job, but Dad said he could do it in less than two hours. Mom was delighted. My brother Jack and his friend Bob volunteered to help Dad. Soon they were all ready to begin. Dad's first attempt to cut the paper (on the floor) resulted in the casualty of one rug cut into two pieces. This was only the beginning!

A friend of the family's, Mr. Dixon, stopped in to talk to Dad for a minute and after he had gone, Dad returned to his job in time to find that Jack and Bob had started putting up the paper. It looked all right until Dad noticed there was something wrong with the design of the flowers on the wall paper. They looked droopy, and no wonder. The paper was on upside down!

Then my older sister Betty lent a helping hand. She and Bob had one whole side of a wall finished, the next time Dad looked around. Of course he thought it looked professional until Mom asked, "What did you do to the window that was on that side of the room? It seems a little dark over there." Yes, you guessed it. They papered over the window. Then Jackie came into the parlor and tripped over a pail of paste. It went sailing all over the paper they had ready to hang.

I thought nothing worse could happen, but I was wrong. Just then Dad slipped from the ladder, receiving a few cuts and bruises. In the excitement of rendering first aid, Betty brushed her elbow against Mom's precious Chinese vase, and in a second it was scattered on the floor in a thousand pieces. There was a moment of silence which was broken when Dad, speaking from the floor where he sat nursing his bruises, said gently to Mom, "I think you'd better call the paperhanger, dear."

★ ★ ★

It's fun to watch the people
As they hurry on their way,
But where their destination is
I really cannot say.

NANCY DIETRICK, '51

Snip, snip,
Sew, sew,
Rip, rip,
Woe, woe.

Teresa Reed, '51

Sophomore Whimsies

Soft, gold and mellow are
The candles of the night.
They are the stars
With their twinkling yellow light.
Teresa Reed, '51

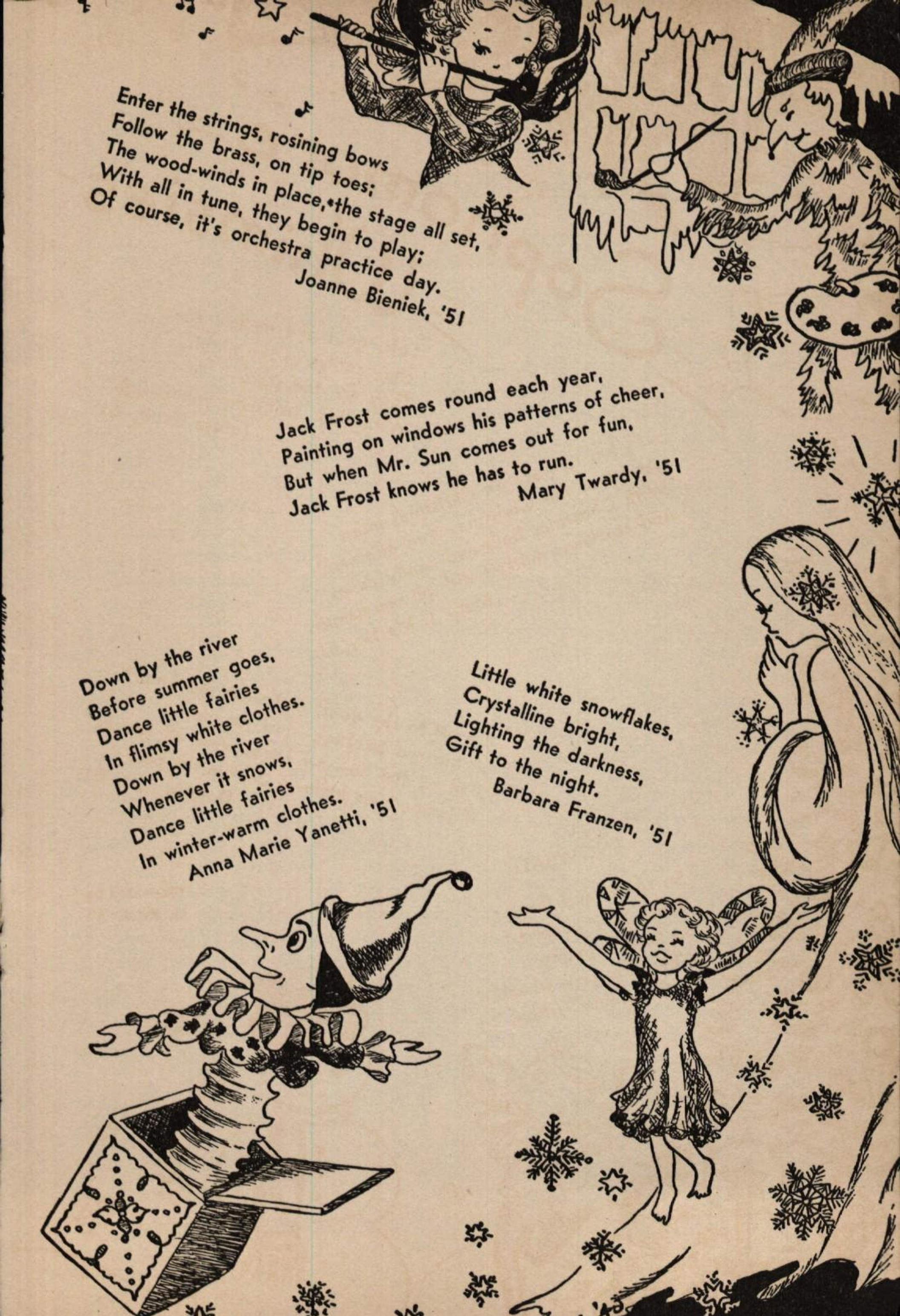
It's fun to wake on Christmas morn
And find the Christmas tree adorned,
With Christmas balls and candy canes
And stockings marked with all our names.
Mary T. Martin, '51

I went to the door, and what did I see?
A big red package—just for me.
I lifted the lid—my knees were all knocks.
It jumped up high—a Jack-in-the-box.
Dolores Putz, '51

SNOWBALL

So round and firm
When fully packed.
So hard a thump
When squarely whacked.
Geraldine Wilson, '51

Illustrated by
G. Krick, '49



Enter the strings, rosining bows
Follow the brass, on tip toes;
The wood-winds in place, the stage all set,
With all in tune, they begin to play;
Of course, it's orchestra practice day.
Joanne Bieniek, '51

Jack Frost comes round each year,
Painting on windows his patterns of cheer,
But when Mr. Sun comes out for fun,
Jack Frost knows he has to run.
Mary Twardy, '51

Down by the river
Before summer goes,
Dance little fairies
In flimsy white clothes.
Down by the river
Whenever it snows,
Dance little fairies
In winter-warm clothes.
Anna Marie Yanetti, '51

Little white snowflakes,
Crystalline bright,
Lighting the darkness,
Gift to the night.
Barbara Franzen, '51

Home Is The Hunter

By Patricia Corkery, '49

SKIPPY was an impish, black and white Cocker Spaniel puppy whose ears were too long and legs, too short for the rest of him. He was usually adorned with a huge red bow; that is, when he couldn't find a way to tear it off.

To all outward appearances Skippy led a completely happy life. He had his own bed with its soft cushions and the old rug which he had fallen in love with at first sight, plenty of food to eat, a rubber bone and a whole collection of rubber balls to play with. He also had the companionship of a little girl named Penny, who romped with him and fed him pieces of candy and sometimes ice cream when he especially pleased her.

Oh, yes! Skippy knew he should be content; but what he really wanted was adventure, adventure with a capital A. Skippy knew that he would have to leave his happy home and journey into the unknown world beyond the garden gate. So Skippy dreamed until that fateful morning when the garden gate was left unlocked. This was the moment he had been waiting and hoping for. Without daring to think he dashed out the gate and around the corner. His joy knew no bounds—he was on his own—ready to meet and conquer the world.

While he was tumbling merrily down the street he came upon a huge black creature standing before a wagon. For a few seconds our hero was stricken dumb, but then said Skippy, who considered himself very polite and well educated for so small a dog. "Pardon me, Sir, but you are the largest dog I have ever seen or heard of. Would you mind telling me your name, so that when I return home, I can spread your fame among my acquaintances?" He had not finished speaking when the immense stranger began to quake with laughter.

"Oh, little friend," he replied when he had at last been able to check his amusement, "I'm sorry to disappoint you, but I'm not a dog. No indeed, I'm Jimmy, the Bakers' Horse; who are you?"

Poor Skippy almost collapsed of embarrassment and being too upset to be sociable, he called, "Excuse me, please," and fled down the street with the sound of horse laughter ringing in his too long ears.

Skippy had other adventures. Then there burst upon him a whole army

of dirty, straggly animals—yes, dogs at last, who seemed to be running away from a huge man with an oversized net. "Hurry! Hurry, or he'll catch you," one of them called to him; Skippy just stood staring at them. "Why should he catch me? I haven't done anything!"

"If you don't want the *dog-catcher* to get you, you'd better run," barked another of the pack.

At these words, light dawned for Skippy; he joined the others. But—too late! Suddenly the net was around him. He was finished—this was the end of his adventure.

He was dumped into the truck which was already filled with howling, barking dogs, and driven to the pound. There they looked on his collar for something until Skippy, becoming annoyed tried to bite the hand nearest his mouth. At this he was ignominiously pushed into a little cage and left to worry about his fate.

The hours passed slowly. "What price adventure!" mused Skippy. "I could be at home chewing my favorite rubber ball or working on a bone. Speaking of bones—What do they intend doing with me?" Terror chilled his blood. His too long ears twitched convulsively. Tears gathered in his once bright eyes. A low whine came from the depths of his doggish heart. He was a picture of unendurable misery.

Without warning, the sound of footsteps filled the corridor, but they were familiar footsteps! They were Penny's! "Oh Penny, Penny. How glad I am to see you!" welcomed the happy puppy with a series of sharp barks as he jumped up and down for sheer joy. Almost before he knew it, he found himself safely in her arms being comforted and covered with kisses, while his mistress asked, "Skippy, why did you run away? Don't you love us anymore? Promise you won't do it again." The tail of a tired puppy joyfully wagged assent.

★ ★ ★

Poor little dolly,
Lonely and old,
Once you were lovely
With hair of gold.

You were my joy,
When I was ten.
How far apart
We've grown since then!

Come, I'll dress you
All in blue,
As long ago
I used to do.

A birthday present
You will be,
Sent with love
To a niece of three.

PATRICIA MCGUIRK, '51

The Red Feather

By Loretta Zalewska, '49

OUTSIDE the storm raged on and I, as was expected on a night like this, sat curled up in a chair next to the fireplace. The house was all quiet now, save for the howling wind outside and the crackling log inside. I gazed lazily into the fire and unconsciously my lip curved in a sort of half smile. I was thinking of the story Grandfather had told me earlier that evening, a story of the leprechauns and wee folk, the fairies. Could you imagine anyone actually believing in fairies in this day and age? But then that's Grandfather, and he's such an old dear, you simply humor him by agreeing with all he has to say. I stretched my legs out before me, leaned my head against the soft cushion, and nonchalantly kicked the pink slippers off my feet.

No sooner had I done this when queer little sounds began to emerge from somewhere.

Illustrated by Marie Kerwick, '50

Without making the slightest move I cocked my ears to listen more attentively. The eerie sounds became more audible and excitedly I said, "Voices!" My heart leaped clear up to my throat when I realized the fact that someone else was in the room with me. I jumped from my chair and before I could realize what had happened, I was flat on my back. Someone had bound my feet together. From my reclining posture I cautiously looked about. Horrors! Surrounding me on either side were tiny men, hundreds of weird looking men with beards. I blinked my eyes two or three times. Were they deceiving me? Was I mad or on the verge of a nervous breakdown? As these thoughts went through my mind, I became aware of a funny feeling on my foot. I lifted my head as far as I could; my eyes roamed till they finally rested on the tip of my toes. Perched on top with knees crossed was the most monstrous little creature you ever saw. He wore a little cap with a feather that bobbed up and down, a green velvet suit, and shoes that curled up. He stroked a fuzzy, red little beard that reached down to his knees. He slid down my toes and walked up my leg till he reached my chest. Here he stopped and stomping a little stubby foot and pointing a tiny wrinkled finger at me proceeded to say in a screechy mouselike voice, "Ay, and you're the lass who doesn't believe in the wee folk, are you now? Bosh! An insult to us fairies that is. Just who, lassie dear, do you think puts the dew on the flowers in the morning, paints the leaves in the autumn and sketches your windows when the North Wind begins to blow? I suppose now you'll be telling me you human beings do it. Why if you had only half the brain of your grandfather

you'd be a mighty smart lass; that you'd be, believe me." With that he stomped heavily and began walking back and forth again. He continued, "But before we're through with you, you'll believe in us all right."

Before they're through with me, I said to myself, but what did they intend doing to me, these atrocious little men who were running loose on our parlor floor, sliding down the bannister, and swinging from the chandelier? They began to advance slowly and I noticed a vicious gleam in their little pixie eyes. Instantly, before I could blink a shivering eyelash, they were on me. A hundred feet began kicking me while another hundred started a fierce shaking campaign. I tried to scream for help, but my voice failed me. Determined to save myself, I blindly reached for the little fellow busily engaged in hammering my shoulder. I squeezed him in my bare hands when suddenly a voice said, "Darling, stop that; wake up!" For the first time I looked up to see what I had in my hand. Why, it wasn't a pixie at all. It was a hand, a human hand, in fact it was my mother's hand. Had she turned against me, too? Had she joined forces with the little men?

"Where are they; where did those horrible little things go?" I said as I got up from the chair and searched beneath the sofa and rugs. Not a single one was in sight. Mother watched me with an amused light in her eyes and said, "Just who or what do you expect to find under the rug? Believe me, dear, you're merely suffering from some nasty dream. Now hurry yourself up to bed, it's getting late and you have to be up early tomorrow." Mother said it was just a dream. A dream, why of course, that's what it was all the while, just a dream. How silly to think it was real. A sigh of relief escaped my lips and I began to laugh. But as I stooped to pick up my slippers, I found lying beside them the tiniest red feather you ever saw. As I lifted it up I wondered, and perhaps always shall, had it been a dream, after all?

Now It Is Spring

Continued from Page 9

a masculine voice call her name, she said aloud, "Jack's such a darling. I knew he would see the light if he only gave himself half a chance. And now I love him more than ever." As she started for the landing she murmured, "O, I'm so happy I could purr." And without further ado Mrs. John Richards descended the stairs to greet her husband.

I Discover a World

By Kathleen Wixted, '50

WAS THIS the place? It was so gray and forbidding, and so large! To me, who had just come from a school that was overcrowded with two hundred students, it was unimaginable to think in terms of thousands. Would the nuns be strict? Were the girls friendly? These were only a few of the questions that raced around in my mind as I climbed a short flight of marble stairs and saw the office to my right. Maybe I had better come tomorrow. After all, classes had already begun for the day. But no, too late; someone had seen me. I was sent, with horrible premonitions, to the roster room, where, surprisingly, I found no implements of torture, but a smiling sister, who soon had my schedule arranged. Then to my first class!

How quiet the halls! Once again I was before a door. I entered. My first impression was that there were no pupils; merely fifty pairs of staring eyes. How odd! But this was only the beginning. The worst was yet to come. Someone had neglected to tell me that there were two buildings! From room 101 to room 17, I started. Seventeen, strange but I hadn't noticed a seventeen in my travels. After a few minutes of useless wandering, I became conscious of seeing a girl stationed here and a girl stationed there in the hall. Why weren't they in class? Maybe they were some sort of superior creatures, who did not need school lessons. There must be some explanation.

Summoning the last dregs of my courage, I asked one to direct me. The usher did, and I found my class.

For three days I roamed through halls, going to the wrong room, getting lost, being late for classes. At last, much to my surprise, I found myself going from class to class without consulting my roster. I no longer went to the wrong room. I was even there before the bell rang (occasionally). Still another problem had to be solved. Coming from a place where everyone knew everyone else, I was lonely at first. This was gradually overcome. Someone borrowed my Spanish book; someone else needed a piece of paper. Things were progressing. Then came the fateful day!

As I walked down the hall, in animated conversation with one of the girls, forgetting the regulation about no talking before the bell in the line leaving the cafeteria, a voice from behind me demanded, "Young lady, were you talking?" As I signed my name to the small slip of green paper, I glanced around. Everyone was looking at me sympathetically. At last, I belonged!

THE FAN

was as lonely as Loa Sen

By Catherine Harmer, '50

THE FAN, an exquisite example of Chinese artistry, had been in the window of Hang Lin's curio shop, for as long as she could remember. Binnie loved the way each little jewel caught the sunlight and illuminated the showcase. She had fallen in love with the legends of China. The fan became a symbol of her devotion. Often she found herself overcome by a desire to see it and would walk blocks out of her way for that heartwarming glimpse.

Hang Lin, the old Chinaman, had told Binnie's Grandfather Townsley the story of the fan. He, in turn, told Binnie who never tired of its appeal. The fan had been given to an ancient, very beautiful Chinese princess, Loa Sen, by a lover, who felt it would mean more to her for its beauty, than any other gift. Hang Lin treasured it above all the other curios in his shop.

Grandfather Townsley, a retired teacher of ancient history and oriental culture, regarded Binnie as his favorite grandchild. It was from her grandfather that Binnie inherited her interest in the ancient civilization of Cathay. When the city high school contest on ancient civilization was announced, Binnie became so excited she forgot the fan, entirely.

During the next few weeks, Binnie studied harder than she ever had, for she was out to win. She read her essay to her grandfather before she submitted it. He was genuinely pleased when she put a few of the legends he had told her into it.

Ever afterwards, Grandfather Townsley bragged about the night of the awards, when his granddaughter, Binnie, won first prize, a scholarship to the college of her choice, for her exceptionally fine essay on China. Everyone of importance to the young writer was there when the mayor presented the prize.

When the program was over and the radiant Binnie was leaving with her parents and her grandfather, she met kindly old Hang Lin, waiting in the corridor. "Pardon me, little Miss," he murmured, "I know I am not so very important as those very kind gentlemen who gave you your scholarship. My gift is not so costly,

Continued on Page 44

MARY'S HANDS

By Marion J. Morris, '49

When her hands held Him in the stable,
And later fed Him at a wooden table,
They became radiant in His sight;
So touched by God they glowed,
With every blessing overflowed,
Growing longer, thinner, white.
Mary's hand often lay helplessly prone,
Gleefully captured by both of His own.

Her hands held the wood for Joseph's saw,
Or fashioned a splint for a puppy's paw.
Closer came the rueful day
When there on a barren hill,
Toward a cross in darkness still,
Mary would wend her silent way,
Till tender hands held That One
With pain-wracked body—her only Son.

Hands that served Him from His birth,
Guide His hand to bless the earth.

Illustrated By
R. Amorosi, '50

What of TOMORROW?

CECILY MUST ANSWER

By Anne Fitzpatrick, '49

CECILY, clad in bathrobe, sat as erect as possible in her rocking chair by the window. Gazing out she viewed broad pastures and azure skies through which glimmers of silver peeked through the clouds. It was a typical autumn day; the air was brisk. Fragrant breezes drifted into the open window and Cecily sat back reminiscing of the day that the fatal accident had occurred—a day that now seemed very long ago.

It was early September, that day back in the distant past, a cool, clear day, just like this one, with the sky a canopy of velvet. She had just fed Tarzan, her cat, and vigorously made her way to the spacious stables. A well-conceived plan moved through her mind. No one was around now. Her father and Patrick had driven into town early in the morning. There was no one to interfere. She would ride Jenny this morning; there was no reason why she couldn't. Fresh in her mind now was the anticipation she had experienced as she entered the stables, with the smell of the freshly cut hay recently distributed in the bins. She began to get a little frightened. How displeased her father would be if he knew. His protesting, "You're not going to ride that crazy animal," had a familiar ring to it. She had to admit, however, that Jenny was rather spirited and she realized her father would not succumb to the horse's whims much longer. But why should she permit a little reproof from her father to plague her? Dad and she would probably laugh about it afterwards.

Her appraising eyes now embraced the graceful lines of the stalwart figure of the horse. How beautiful Jenny was! She now mustered courage enough to enter the stall. Cautiously she had mounted and turned to the open pastures. Cool breezes brushed her face and she felt alive and carefree. Her animated features glowed as her agile body was carried over the wide expanse. Then all of a sudden it happened! Jenny was in a frenzy. Cecily held frantically to the reins as the horse reeled from the ground. The muscles in her arms weakened from renewed efforts to retain the saddle. Her weary hands, robbed of strength, surrendered the reins and her exhausted body slipped to the ground. That was all she re-

membered.

Shivering, Cecily now drew her robe more securely about her. Her room had become cold and she leaned forward to close the open window. Now her mind flashed back to the hospital bed, to the worn face of her father as he reluctantly told her she might never walk again. Why didn't she receive a reprimand instead of his quiet gaze. Her father had always been a firm believer in the philosophy that once things were done they were done. He knew she had learned her lesson and he did not intend to press the matter. How long those hours of pain had been, but now she was getting well!

Cecily was drawn from her reverie by the sound of sudden rain beating in lively cadence on the window pane. How long had she been thinking of the past? She had no time to think of it now. She had only time to look to the future, to a new Cecily, to a bright tomorrow.

It Happens All The Time

AS I CROUCH here in my favorite hideaway, I deliberate on the fact that the dreaded moment is rapidly approaching. The instant in which I shall hear my most disliked exhortation is closing in around me. Is there no escape? Shall I be a prisoner of my own aversion forever? I can visualize no possible means to save myself from the disaster that awaits me. As I lie here musing, I perceive those slow, approaching footsteps nearing my haven. I shrink in dread at the thought of what I shall soon be commanded to do. I have by this time abandoned all hope of releasing myself from this unfortunate state. Alas! my misery is no longer invincible, for without a moment's further delay my conqueror is upon me. I am helpless. In her voice I hear a slight tinge of sympathy as I listen to the daily beckoning words of my mother saying, "Come, Eileen, it's time to get up now, you know." What a heartless way to open a perfectly beautiful day!

EILEEN D. MCCLOSKEY, '50

In Mary

"Mother," He called
And her heart skipped a beat,
As she gathered the rose
He laid at her feet.

He clung to her knees,
For she was His choice.
Again He said, "Mother,"
In His clear, childish voice.

"Mother," He called—
It was sweet on His tongue—
Her smile was so blissful,
Her heart was so young!

She loved this name
Of His heart's accord,
For she was the mother
Of our own dear Lord.

By Mary Ann Biancho, '50
Catherine Harmer, '50

's Arms

Baby cries,
Mother sighs;
Now no tears—
Mother nears.

Dream and nod,
Son of God.
Smile with joy,
Mary's Boy.

Fondly holds
In the folds
The Holy Child
This mother mild.

By Rita Colbert, '50

GERALDINE WALSH '49

Who Walk With Christ . . .

Sister Patricia Marie is a graduate of the John W. Hallahan Catholic Girls' High School and of the Philadelphia Normal School. In 1930 she entered Maryknoll to be assigned to Malabon in the Philippines three years later. On January 2, 1942, Sister was interned by the Japanese in Manila and transferred July 9, 1944 to Los Baños internment camp. On February 9 of the following year, just one hour before the moment set for execution, Sister Patricia Marie and her fellow prisoners were rescued by the Americans. April 17 of the next spring found Sister Patricia Marie returned to her beloved mission in Malabon. She is at present on leave of absence in the United States, with the hope of returning to the Philippines by Easter, 1949.

"AMERICAN youth cannot withstand the rigors of life in mission countries. The comforts of America have made our boys and girls, our men and women, too soft. They cannot face eating native food, sleeping on the floor directly over heated bricks, climbing mountains on the backs of unshod native beasts, traveling along rushing streams on primitive rafts, journeying on river boats for days on end with natives above, below, and beside them. They cannot endure the loneliness of months and even years of separation from those who speak their language, who follow the same customs, who think the same way."

Such were the reactions of many, both abroad and at home, to the proposal of founding an American Catholic foreign mission society, whose members would carry the knowledge and the love of Christ from America to distant lands where the people "still sit in darkness and the shadow of death," millions of people who are seeking for a reason for their misery and apparently hopeless living. The clarion call went forth in 1911. American youth answered that challenge and Maryknoll is one expression of that reply. At present, Maryknoll missioners number about twenty-one hundred, of whom nearly one thousand are Sisters. They are to be found in the Philippines, China, Japan, Hawaii, Nicaragua, Guatemala, Chile, Bolivia, Peru, Africa. Within a few months, the Sisters will be in Ceylon.

As might be expected, the war had devastating effects on many of our missions, but by degrees these outposts of the Church are being reorganized and rebuilt. If plans had been carried out, some fifty of us should

not have survived the intended massacre of the internees in a Philippine internment camp, yet we were saved from that catastrophe and from all the dangers preceding it, a testimony of God's loving Providence, and at the same time, a tribute to the character of Americans who would not be broken down by hardship.

My dear girls, you who are soon to be fellow-alumnae of Hallahan, you share in the heritage of courage and stamina which is ours not only as Hallahanites, and as Americans, but as children of a loving Father in Heaven. Be proud of that heritage, of the privilege of saying, "I am a Catholic American Hallahanite." I hope you will never experience, as we did, being deprived of contact with home and loved ones for almost three years, but should that ever happen, you will know the depths of joy that filled our hearts the first time we saw our flag run up at sunrise in an internment camp in 1945. We know what it means to long for the first indication of the coming of "our boys" and to seize every glimmer of hope that they would come very soon. The very fact that they did come and that we were there to welcome them, was one more proof that we were not alone on the missions; He, whose command to go and teach all nations, we had heeded, had not forgotten us.

When we sat at desks in our beloved Alma Mater, when we answered the call of the bells, when we passed through the halls and up and down the staircases, I did not dream of the joy that comes with the realization that one can face hardships and even dangers when one places her hand in the hand of Christ. He does not bid us go alone; He goes with us, indeed, before us.

Not every one need go to the foreign mission field, but every Hallahan graduate by virtue of her baptism and confirmation in addition to the privilege of her splendid Catholic education is ordained to the task of sharing with those less fortunate than herself, the treasures of her Catholic heritage.

Just as we sing at Hallahan of that great command, "Aptate lampades vestras," so must we either at home or abroad, by our prayer and active ministry, be the accompaniment for another melody, as the Voice of Christ proclaims another great command: "Going, therefore, teach ye all nations."

TURN THE ALBUM

Turn a page

and

start

a memory . . .

By Anna V. Daly, '49

A PHOTOGRAPH album is really a wonderful thing. When you look at it you can recall long forgotten days. You can go back across the years and relive wonderful moments that are gone forever. Look at this picture, for instance; it must have been taken in 1932. Two babies stand shakily in a playpen, one a curly-haired boy of about two, the other, a dark-haired girl of perhaps one. They're my brother and I. From babyhood the closeness in our ages has made us inseparable. From the start, we ate, played, cried together, and generally grew up together.

Here's another picture; 1934 is written on the back. It shows two tots playing in a wading pool. They seem to be squabbling over a toy; well, the best of brothers and sisters will have their disagreements. This picture taken in the same year shows them

sitting smilingly, one on each side of a huge dog. The dog was Brownie; he belonged exclusively to my brother and me. Of course, that was before my little sister entered the picture.

This photograph, taken in 1936, shows my mother with a little baby in her arms, and my brother and me on each side of her. Another picture taken in 1936 shows a sad little girl peeking into a baby carriage. That lonely child was I. A tragic thing had happened. My brother had to start school, and I, plead as I might, was left behind. "Next year, you can go," consoled my mother. But this did not satisfy me. Bitter tears were shed on both sides when my brother, dressed in a new suit, was dragged from my side and taken to school.

My days were long, no friend could take the place of my brother. Not even my little sister! She was only a baby. After all what good are babies? They can't push you on a swing, or jump rope, or play any of the games a grown-up girl of five can. So I turned to Brownie. Brownie tried hard, and slowly I became accustomed to my brother's absence. But then, Brownie was taken from me; he was hit by a car and Daddy had to take him to the S.P.C.A. I was alone again.

Then a wonderful thing happened. My brother got the mumps, and had to stay home from school. Of course, I was not to be left out, so, when my mother was not watching, I would tip-toe in to keep my brother company. Finally, I got the mumps, too! We had a wonderful time being sick together. Everyone brought us little presents, and best of all, my brother had missed so much school, Mother decided to keep him home and send him back to first grade the next year. That meant months together, and then both of us would start school. Another year slipped by; we went to school hand-in-hand every day. We met new friends, but we were never entirely separated.

This picture taken in May 1938, shows me looking very much the saint on my First Communion day. My brother (who was not supposed to be in the picture) is in the corner here making a funny face and trying his best to make me laugh.

Turn the pages of our album and you'll see that each year we are a little bigger, but few are the pictures where you see one without the other. Oh, but don't get the impression that my brother was a sissy. He was far from it, nor was I a tom-boy. We played with our own friends, and went about our own business, but we could always turn to each other in time of need.

Now, the photographs show we are growing up, and finally there is our graduation picture from eighth grade in 1945. My brother is trying in this picture to look dignified, and I am

clutching my all important diploma and feeling more than slightly proud of my first corsage. Year by year a few more childish faces have slipped into the family pictures, but he and I are still side by side.

The later family pictures are different; there is one of my brother without me. He is dressed in an army uniform. There are other pictures of me without him, for we cannot bridge the thousands of miles that are between us now. He will be home soon, though, and more photographs will be entered in the album with my brother and me side by side.

Should Old Acquaintance Be Forgot?

By Maureen Kane, '51

THE TELEPHONE'S steady ringing aroused me from my moment of contentment. Picking up the receiver, I heard the familiar voice of a neighbor down the street who asked me if I could baby-sit with little Johnny for the evening. I had heard vague rumors about Johnny, but since his parents are friends of the family, there was nothing I could do but consent to play host for the evening.

Arriving on the dot of seven-thirty, I found Johnny's parents giving him some last minute instructions before leaving. Right at that moment, Johnny looked the picture of innocence. I assured these charming friends of the family that their child would be safe with me. But was I safe with him?

The door had no sooner closed upon his parents when, much to my dismay, a sly, elfish, look lit up Johnny's face. Constant demands followed in rapid succession. "What's your name? I wanna drink of water. How old are you? Tell me a story. I'm hungry."

By the time I got him to bed, I was so worn out with questions, that to satisfy his impish, little demands I would have given him the world on a silver platter, if it were possible.

Being assured now that he was comfortable, I returned downstairs to start my home-work. I had no sooner reached the bottom step when a childish shriek pierced the silence. Ascending the stairs, two at a time, I found my dear little angel sitting up in bed asking for "another drink of water". Two hours, nine drinks of water, and three stories later, I found myself welcoming his parents home. What one must go through for friends of the family!

RIGHT TO A TEE

By Geraldine Crowther, '50

Illustrated by

A. Trevelino, '50

A PERFECT PUTT! A volley of cheers! I had won the "Women's Annual Medal Play Golf Tournament!" Dazed with the realization that I was the victor, I shambled like a sleep-walker along the fairway to the clubhouse. When I finally came down from the clouds I found myself enveloped by a crowd of earthlings all congratulating me. I heard echoed many times, "Only sixteen and beating all the best women players!" Blushingly I accepted congratulations and the award. A few minutes later I was informed that the committee had voted me honorary hostess at the country club formal. Mother and Daddy were thrilled, but not more thrilled than I. No one could have been, because I was the happiest girl in the world.

All this occurred three weeks before the formal. And here I was just one week before the big dance, swatting angrily at a poor little golf ball. Why had I changed from the happiest girl in the world to the earth's glummest

inhabitant? Why would I like to bury myself in a sand trap or drown myself in a pond on the course? Visualize this most important dance and the honorary hostess minus an escort.

With all this zigzagging through my brain—fore! I teed off to the fourteenth. The follow-through and splash! I hurried to the shallow brook in the rough near the fourteenth. There situated in the middle of the crystal clear brook was that little white ball. Surely, I could rescue it. I took a driving club and reached, reached, reached a trifle too far—'cause another splash and I found myself submerged face down.

When finally the shock of my fall wore off, I perceived myself being lifted from the friendly little brook. Who was rescuing me? Quickly I turned my head and instantly the rescuer cried, "Hold still! I'm slipping—" A thunderous splash! No, I hadn't said farewell to that little brook, once again I was surrounded by water. But the pond had claimed another victim. I switched myself to a sitting position and saw before me a slightly familiar face wearing an impish expression. Oh! It was our new neighbor's son, quite drenched. Impulsively I cried, "Why couldn't you have let me alone?" Without a word he scrambled to his feet, stepped from the water, grasped my hand, and pulled. I felt the dry land under my feet. Joe Loughran said, "You're angry, Cynthy, don't forget I sort of lost out on the deal, too!" As we walked along I moaned, "How ever am I going to walk into the clubhouse looking like this? I have to 'phone Daddy to come for me."

"Oh these women and their pride! Will the lady accept a ride in the Loughran 'mobile? Let's hurry; we're both soaked!"

On the way home being ashamed of the way I let my temper run away from me, I wasn't very talkative, just water-logged and on the verge of a

Then her heart was in the rough . . .

cold. After about a mile of silence I said, "I'm sorry; thank you." Joe laughed, "Didn't know you belonged to the club, I just joined about two weeks ago. Say, there's going to be a dance at the club next Saturday night and I wonder—."

"Ah!" I thought to myself, "Prince Charming, who rescued me from the depths of the brook, will rescue me from a fate worse than death and escort me to the ball. He golfs, too!"

Start the Day with a Smile

I WOKE that morning and announced with a loud cry that another day had begun. After my noisy summons had been answered, I noticed a strong fragrance in the air. After I was dressed, I was led into the parlor. My eyes grew wide at the sight that met them. There was a gigantic tree with red and green pinpoints of light glowing through the branches. Mother Nature had brought her beauty indoors. My questions went unanswered, for the simple reason that no one understood my gurgled speech. I settled down to puzzle it out and it slowly dawned on me. This must be the result of the hurried consultations about things unknown. This must be the reason for the fragrant odor, for the toys, which I accepted questioningly. With much noise and complaint, I declared my ultimatum. If I was to enjoy the first Christmas of my life, I must have my breakfast.

JOANNA HUBERT, '52
St. Peter's Annex

The Fan

Continued from Page 30

but I should like to present it anyhow. I know you must love it as you do the story of its country. I know you will cherish it. I hope that sometimes when you gaze on it you will remember humble old Hang Lin, who gave it in thanks for your deep understanding of China."

He handed her a small ivory chest. Before she could open it, he was gone. Binnie turned the little gold key and lifted the lid. There before her, its little jewels glittering in the dim light, was the Chinese fan.

His Was A Gift

By Elizabeth J. Cavanaugh, '49

SISSY and I are the lucky ones. Whenever Mother speaks of her Uncle Paddy, we can nod our heads in assent, for we remember him quite well. But then again, there's no forgetting a man like our Uncle Pat.

When we were quite small, Mother and Daddy lived in the large home of our grandparents, along with my grandad's older brother Patrick. I think that as small children Sissy and I must have worn awed expressions, for Uncle Paddy was most unconventional.

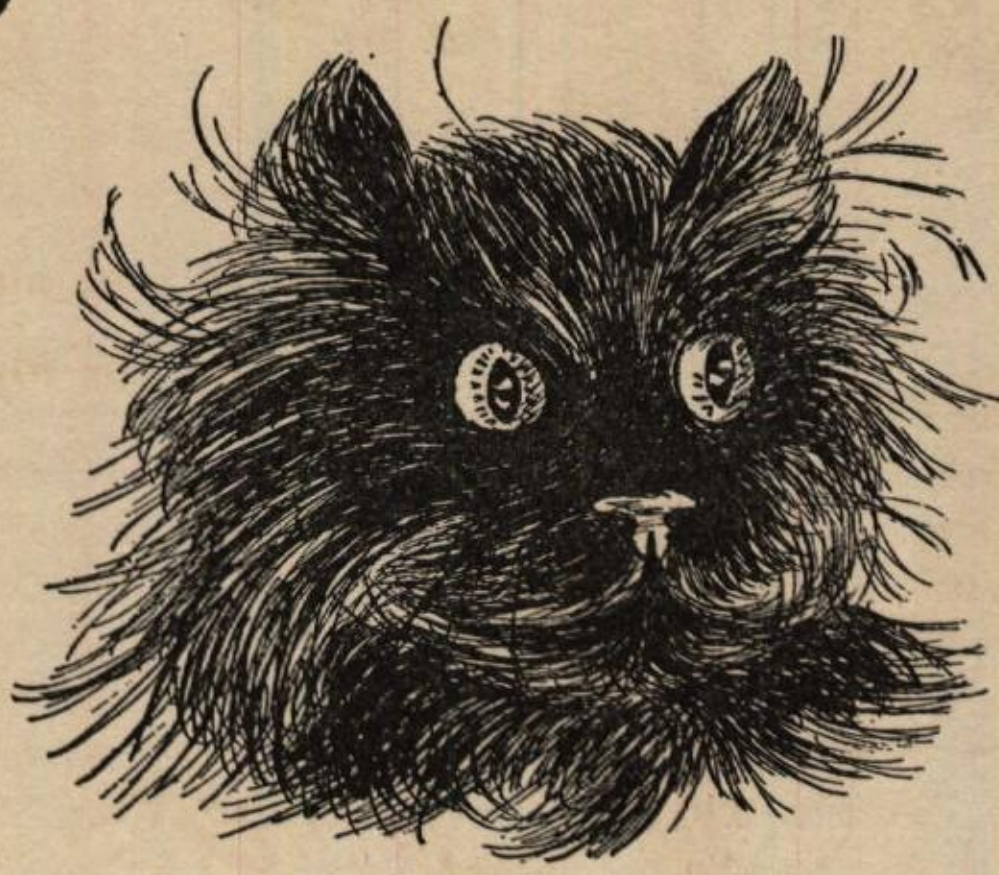
I shall never forget the time that he was an aspiring songwriter. If inspiration came his way at two o'clock in the morning, Uncle Paddy could be heard pounding away at the piano at a great rate. Our nights of sleeplessness were short-lived, however, for he soon forsook song writing in favor of entering the Six-Day Bicycle Races. If he had become a contestant, he would have had to ride his bicycle forty out of every sixty minutes for six days, continuously. The family doctor put the damper on that idea, for Uncle Paddy was getting up in years.

At this point, our relative took an avid interest in his two young grandnieces—to our great joy. Heretofore, we had reluctantly thought of Saturday evening, and the two small bags of Irish dulse that he always bought us. I can still hear my grandmother whisper, "Mind your manners," and see the look on my mother's face that meant "Smile sweetly," as he ceremoniously presented us with them, and boomed into our little faces, "Here you are, darlin', the best thing in the world for you." Now, however, we looked forward to the Saturday evening ritual with glee, for we three had become pals, and even the bitterness of an Irish dulse was not enough to quiet the enthusiasm we felt at the prospect of spending an evening with Uncle Paddy.

Uncle Pat even undertook to teach us a few of the tunes from his inexhaustible store of Irish songs. From then on, the family and neighbors had not only Uncle Paddy's roaring baritone to contend with, but two rather shaky sopranos, as well.

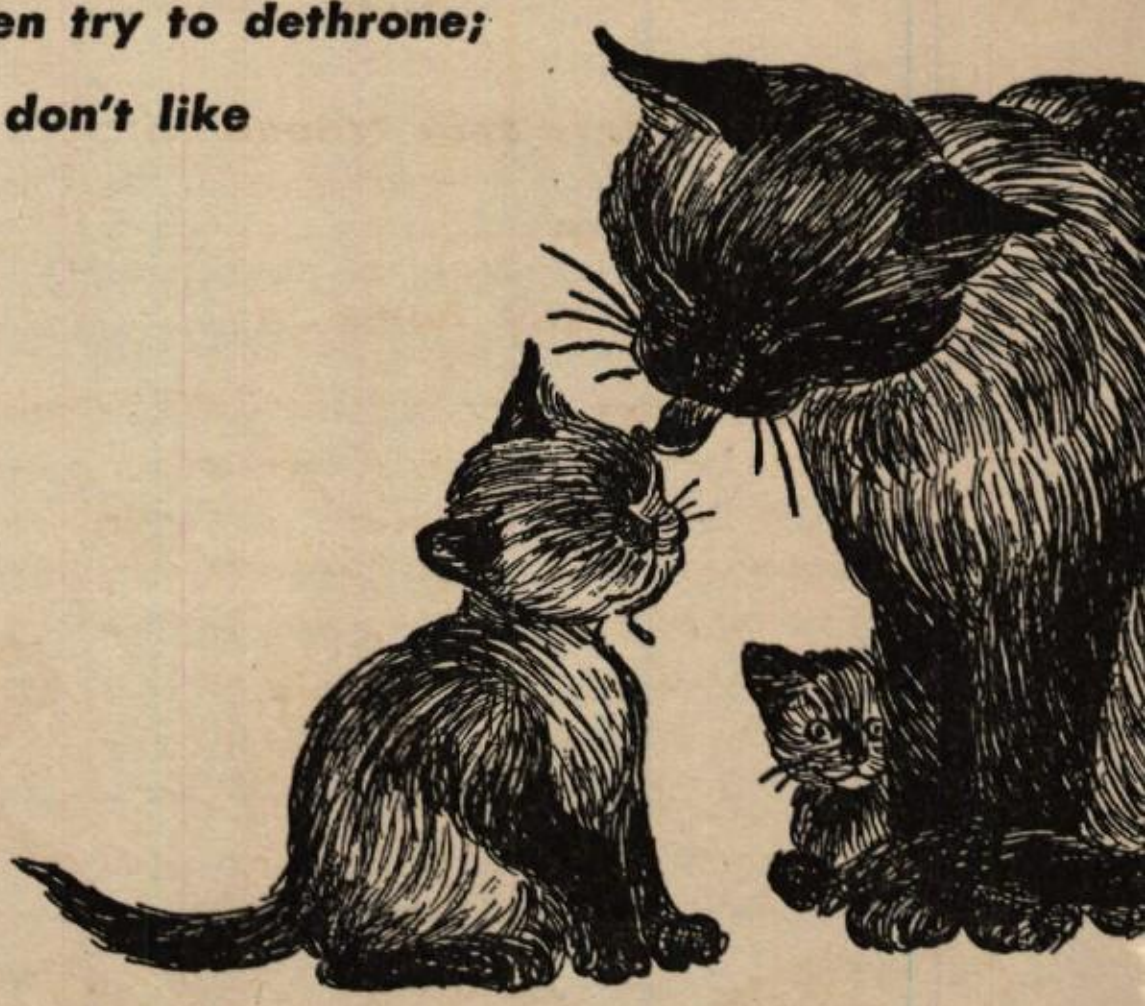
And then the inevitable happened. One day, after a brief illness, Uncle Paddy left us forever. Still, I say Sissy and I are more fortunate than our younger brother and sister, for we can take his old shillelagh in hand, or pick up the portrait of the black-haired, blue-eyed, ruddy complexioned Son of old Erin and say, "We knew our Uncle Paddy."

catcapers



By Jeanne Flanagan, '49

I'm the cat men try to dethrone;
It seems they don't like
a baritone.



People call me Miss Pussy Prim
'Cause I wear a bow
'neath my chin.

O, Mother, you really
bring down my wrath;
You know how I
hate to take a bath.

Stand aside, if you please,

And make way for my pedigrees.

While others tear 'round 'n

chew up rugs

I'd rather stay home 'n

study bugs.

dog doins

RIDING HIGH

By Dorothy DePierri, '49

IN MY heart the sun was shining and the birds were singing, though, in reality, it was a dark and rainy day. I had met "him" and he was to phone me that night. While I waited by the telephone, I pictured his broad shoulders, blue eyes, and blond hair. He was a champion sportsman, expert in football, basketball, tennis, skating, and bicycle riding.

Bicycle riding! Now I remembered! The thought hit me, clouding the sun and silencing the birds. I had kept him under the impression that I was a wonderful bicycle rider. As a matter of fact, I didn't even know how to get on a bicycle, nor did I own one.

My thoughts were interrupted by a loud ring and I left a path of destruction in my attempt to answer the phone.

"Hello! Oh, Jack. I didn't expect you to call tonight!"

If he had only seen me, minutes before, keeping vigilance beside the phone.

"Riding? Next Saturday? Er—, yes, I— I'd love to go with you. No, I won't forget. All right, good-by."

What should I do? Should I have confessed the truth! It was too late to think of that now! I ran to my favorite adviser, my mother. Mother promised she'd persuade our Jimmie, my always helpful brother, to give me instructions in bicycle riding. She also suggested that I borrow our Peggy's bike, which was an essential element if I was to take lessons.

The next morning, Jimmie and I proceeded on our way to find the nearest "dead-end" street. With the aid of my brother I endeavored to make friends with the bicycle.

"Oh Babs, how can anyone be so stupid? Now get down and climb on the right way. Who ever heard of riding a bicycle backwards."

After I had attempted about five times, I finally managed a sitting posture on the two-wheeled monster.

"Head up, look straight ahead, and pedal," were the instructions given me by my assistant. Jimmie, holding on to the handlebar and the back of the seat, told me to undertake the experiment. I was coming along fine until I realized he had taken his hands away and I was on my own. Plop! I fell! Getting bruised a little by my accident did not make me hesitate in the least, but I must say that my brother was not very impressed by

my performance.

"Here Babs, let me show you. All you have to do is to get on the bike, facing the front, of course; keep your head up, look straight ahead, and pedal. It's very simple."

"Remember, Jimmie, it seems easy to you because you've been riding ever since you were knee-high to a grasshopper. Let me try it again."

I kept repeating to myself, "Head up, look straight ahead," but this time I had forgotten to pedal. Again I tumbled in a heap. Not being discouraged by a couple of bumps, I enlisted all my physical strength in an attempt to accomplish my aim. Just when I was doing fairly well, I saw my best friend and took my hand off the handlebar to wave to her.

Clash! Bang!

"Babs! Babs! Have you hurt yourself?"

"No, Jimmie, but I think we had better call today's lesson at an end."

For the remaining few days, all I managed to attain were bumps and bruises; and, before I knew it, Saturday had arrived, and I still hadn't learned the art of riding a bicycle.

Saturday night found my family and me in a sorry state. We knew now that the only solution to my problem was to tell Jack the truth. When the phone rang, I rose from the chair on which I was sitting and with heavy steps made my way across the room to answer it.

"Hello, Jack? Jack, I—I have something to tell you. *You* have something to tell *me!*—But, of course I want to go for a ride in your new convertible! I'll be ready. Yes. Yes. Goodby."

★ ★ ★

OFF WITH MY HEAD

It was a night of heavy storm with occasional thunder and lightning. The shutters knocked and banged, and there was I at home by myself. I was too sleepy to feel lonely or afraid and decided to go to bed. In a little while, I drifted into a delightful dream of subreality only to be rudely disturbed by, "Don't move or I'll kill you!" Too frightened to stir, I could feel my teeth chattering and my knees knocking.

"I shall kill you, anyhow," came the cold, cruel voice again. Then there was a grunt and a woman's eerie scream. The cold sweat of relief broke over me. How careless of me to leave the radio on!

OCTAVIA RODGERS, '52
St. Thomas Annex

The Old Look

"MOTHER, you'll help me convince Dad, won't you? A girl simply must look mature!"

Mrs. Mooney, who was busy at the oven, listened while her daughter Carol, sitting on the kitchen stool munching some of the freshly made cookies, continued.

"I've found that some girls grow up more completely than others. When they do they must accept it and make the most of it. It's like a calling—one must answer that call—but how can one, when her own loved ones won't rally to the cause. Really, Mother, you will help me, won't you? I mean, a girl simply must—."

"All right, honey, I'll try, although I'm not too keen on it myself. Now run along and set the table."

That night after dinner, while Mr. Mooney was sitting in the living room reading the evening paper, Carol began . . .

Dad wondered . . .

By Dorothy Bergbauer, '49

Illustrated by Ann Rodgers, '49

"Father, Mother and I would like to discuss a matter of vital importance with you."

"Well, Alice," said her father, as he laid aside the paper, "has the eighth wonder of the world come about? Or is it just another one of Carol's dramatic scenes, expressing a so-called dire need of something?"

"Now Tom!" Mrs. Mooney said with a quick smile. "Dear, Carol has been asked to the college dinner-dance with Bill Manning."

Mr. Mooney's face brightened—"Jim and Helen Manning's boy? Well!"

"Daddy, do you know them?" Carol sighed.

"Know them—why Jim and I went to school together. I can remember the time—."

"Really, Daddy, this is wonderful—I mean, since you know his father, then you'll surely want me to make a good impression."

Awakened to the position in which he had just placed himself, Mr. Mooney mumbled, "Uh! What was that you had on your mind a few minutes ago?"

Mrs. Mooney, realizing it was time to come to her daughter's rescue took matters into her own hands, "Tom," she said, "Carol would like to get a new dress—a BLACK dress."

"What, at her age! She's going to a dance not a funeral!" her husband protested.

"Mother," Carol hastened to add, "I'm afraid you used the wrong approach! Daddy, the time of my life has come when I must put aside childish things. I must dress more maturely. Realizing this, I feel that a slinky, black dress —or maybe just a black dress, would give that 'Old Look'."

Down went the paper—off came the glasses—a look of wonderment flashed on her father's face as he stammered—"Upon my word, Alice, what type of child are we rearing—wanting an 'inky black dress' at her age! The 'old look' —Not too long ago it was money in order to have the 'new look'; now it's a new dress to have the 'old look'. I ask you, does it make sense? What's it

all about?"

Carol in defense of maturity blurted, "Really father, it's quite simple—"

"Simple is right. I won't see you make a spectacle of yourself. If you want a new dress, all right, but not a mourning dress. What would Jim Manning think?"

In desperation, Carol tried again, "But Daddy, the 'old look'."

Her father settled back in his chair with, "If you have to have the 'old look' then wear one of your 'old' dresses! That's final."

"Now, Tom," Mrs. Mooney said gently, after her daughter had left the room, "Carol has to grow up some time, you know."

"But, Alice, wanting a black dress, at her age! I never heard of such a thing!"

The corners of Mrs. Mooney's lips curved as she said, "She must get *something*, you know!"

Realizing it was useless to continue the argument further, Mr. Mooney retired to reading the paper, disregarding the fact that it was in an inverted position. He was wondering now how much the new dress would cost him.

The following Saturday afternoon, when her father returned from a half-day at the office, Carol was sitting on the porch reading. With a quick and surprised glance, Mr. Mooney declared, "Don't tell me, Carol, you're too mature for curly hair! Why isn't your head all scalped with pins? Aren't you going to that college dance with Jim Manning's son tonight?"

"This cruel, cruel world," she wailed, "Fate has stung me! My plans are cast assunder! Bill won't be able to go, his mother called and said he has the—the—the measles."

Her father grinned broadly, "I guess that nips the 'old look' in the bud—here we have 'the-man-of-the-hour', 'the dream of the blossoming maidens', 'Maturity itself'; and, he has yet to out-grow the measle stage!"

In the Shadow of Hallahan

Continued from Page 17

away back in 1912.

In the spring of 1949, I shall join the thousands who have been graduated from this school, yet I shall stay close at hand. I shall be near Hallahan and Hallahan will be near me. You see, I live just across the street from you, dear Alma Mater. I'm the girl who waves to you from the window of 331 North Eighteenth.

I Like ANGELS

By Dorothy Monahan, '49

I HAVE a little sister, a four year old bundle of joy and naughtiness! Blissfully confident of the place she holds in our hearts, she goes her merry way, polishing my red shoes carefully with black polish, spilling my best perfume, smearing jam on my new skirt. Then she looks up with a whimsical smile and a murmured, "I'm sorry," and tripping off to the bathroom, she painstakingly squeezes all of the tooth paste very diligently out on the floor.

I think our angel is most angelic-looking the minute after she has pulled one of her most impish pranks, like putting the kitten in the oven or scrubbing the wash bowl diligently with my shampoo.

There's nothing quite so sweet as her darling baby voice piping up with, "Are you the fat lady from the circus?" when a rather corpulent visitor graces our home.

Then, too, she can always be depended upon to put a runner in my sheerest stockings or to mangle my best scarf just before I need it. She's so helpful, too. I can always count on her to break a few dishes when it's my turn to wash. I'll never forget the day she helped me clean the parlor. It was the first time I ever knew furniture could be polished with cod-liver oil.

They say we learn something new every day and with the angel that certainly is true. Why, only the other evening I discovered that a red stain on the front of my gray skirt was pretty, when the baby puts it there. She very confidently stated that she likes red stains on gray skirts.

Yes, sometimes our angel is quite a problem, but I don't mind. I like tiny chocolate fingerprints on my new blouse!

★ ★ ★

Little children from
Bomb torn places,
Little children with
Grown-up faces,
You who bear
The scar of war,
We pray that you
Will weep no more.

JOAN QUINN, '51

Curly Locks

My niece is very sweet
From her head to her feet.
She wakes me early,
But her hair is curly,
Her eyes are blue,
And she's just two.

MARY MCHALE, '52
St. Thomas Annex

Love & Luck Always
Margie Gay '49

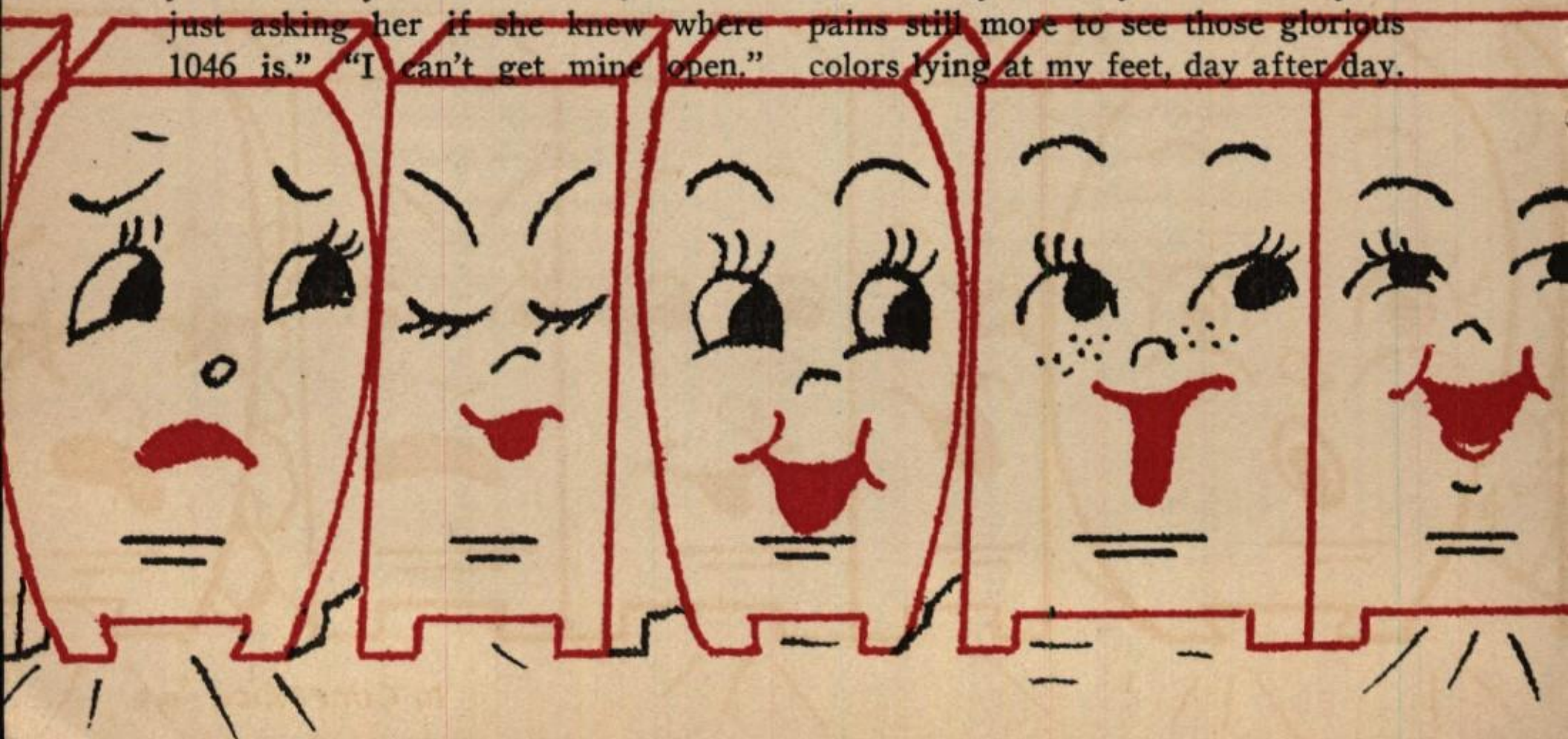
Dear

By Mary Jane Whelan, 49

This is a letter of complaint. I refuse to take these abuses lying down. We lockers could be very useful in the world outside. We could go into bridge making, we could get behind the billboard industry, we could sail vast seas. But do we do these things? No. We prefer to serve you. Personally, I often wonder are we appreciated?

When September comes we are jolted out of our peaceful rest of vacation days with cries of "Where's 796?" "I can't find my locker." "Do you share yours?" "Sister, I was just asking her if she knew where 1046 is." "I can't get mine open." After everyone has gone to class, it is almost peaceful again. This calm doesn't last long, however. Your friends haven't their lockers yet. "There is no use crowding up the trolley with all those books," you say, "put them in mine." Of course, it's all right with you if I'm overworked.

In a few days, all the girls have their lockers. Now my associates and I are no longer stuffed at three o'clock, though we are crammed all day. I dearly love "The Blue and White," but I hate to have it thrown at me every Monday and Tuesday. It pains still more to see those glorious colors lying at my feet, day after day.



Sally, couldn't you hang your gym suit up just once?

As the weather grows colder and the work harder, bigger lunches are brought. I know you have to eat, Sally Ann, but does that mean three sandwiches, a Tasty pie, two fruits, a package of cookies, and pickles every day? Would you please tell your mother to wrap those pickles more securely? I'm allergic to them. Why are you so scatter-brained? When you come to get your lunch, you forget everything but those pickles. I'd remind you, only I'm too full of last week's test papers to speak.

I do wish you would get your key sewed on. The days you forget it I almost smother to death. Those occasions are mild in agony in comparison with the rainy days. Hitting me in the shins with those wet boots is no act of charity. Nor do I enjoy having an umbrella poked in my side.

I don't think I can take much more. Wish me luck in finding new employment either with the bridge builders or with the fleet. I shall miss you with all your faults. Can't you make it worth my while to stay?

Hopefully yours,

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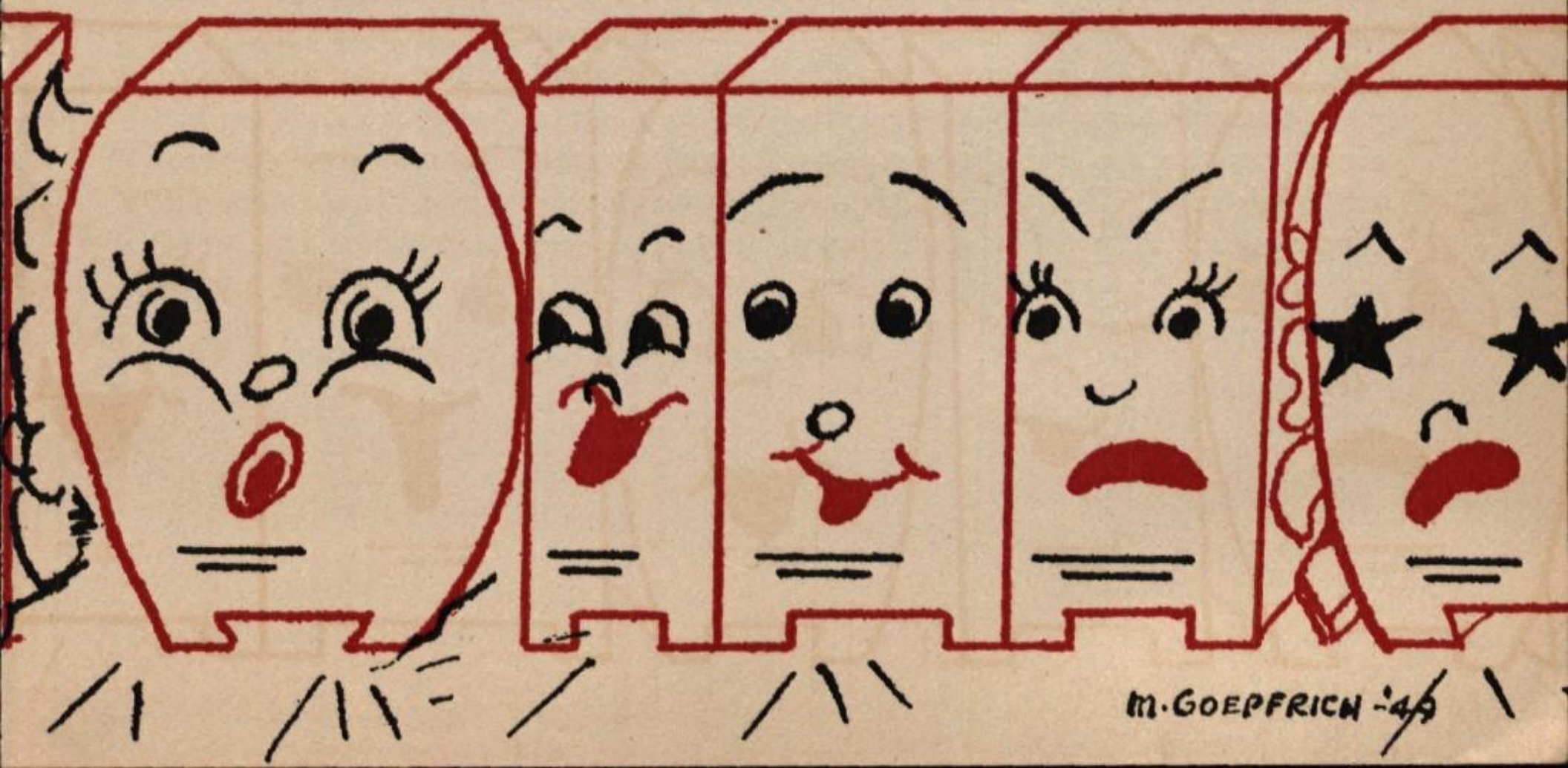


Banded Together

SMILE, IF YOU CAN

By Rita Ciotti, '49

JUDY KANE walked glumly from Suburban Station toward Sixteenth and Walnut Streets. Her destination was the office of Doctor John J. Stone, D.D.S. The station clock already read 10:15, and her appointment was for 10:30; but why hurry, for today she was going to her doom—braces for her teeth. Every time she thought of it, she flinched.

Try as she might, Judy could not hold back the wheels of time, and so 10:30 found her sitting in Doctor Stone's office.

"Good morning Judy", greeted Dr. Stone, "all ready for this morning's job?"

"Yes, I guess so, but do you think we could let the braces go until next week?"

"I think it's better not to put them off, because the sooner they're on, that much sooner they'll be off.", was Dr. Stone's practical reply. No sympathy for those who must suffer, thought Judy.

While in the chair, many thoughts raced through her mind. Imagine, tonight was the seniors' skating party at Week's pond. This was the biggest winter event in the senior year. Every senior would be sure to be there, and Judy was going with Bob Jenkins, the President of the Senior Class. How would she look with braces on her teeth? On and on her thoughts raced and each became worse than the other.

Finally the ordeal was over, and out marched Judy. She felt as if a miniature of Roosevelt Dam was in her mouth. All the way home she tried to devise means of taking the braces off, just for the party of course; but Dr. Stone certainly had made the braces secure, and all attempts proved futile.

With slow, dragging steps, as if she was walking her last mile, Judy came up the walk. Mrs. Kane was the first to greet her.

"Was the dentist that bad?" asked Mrs. Kane with a teasing, impish tone of voice.

"No," was Judy's barely audible response.

"Smile Judy; really dear, the braces aren't that bad." Mom was just trying to be comforting, thought Judy. For the rest of the afternoon, Judy tried to stay out of everyone's sight; but she ultimately had to meet the rest of the family at the dinner table, so Judy prepared herself for some good teasing.

On the contrary dinner progressed very quietly and dully, for the usually talkative Judy was abnormally quiet.

"Judy, I think you should start dressing; Bob did say he would call at eight."

"Yes, Mom."

The new skates and outfit were lovely, but if only—. Well, it's no use crying over spilt milk thought Judy. With the determination that she was going to try to have a good time, Judy descended the stair. There was Bob. With a mumbled greeting, Judy handed Bob her skates.

All the way to the pond, Judy spoke little and tried to smile, when she had to, with her lips closed. The pond was literally covered with seniors. The fires along the sides of the pond blazed in radiant beauty, and on the pond couples danced.

This should have been a perfect evening, but Bob felt estranged because of Judy's quietness.

"What's the matter Judy? Are you cold?"

"No, I'm just—"

At that moment Bob smiled in relief, and for the first time Judy noticed a small silver band across his teeth. Excitedly Judy asked, "Do you wear braces too?" Immediately Bob knew the reason for Judy's abnormal silence.

"Don't tell me *you* have braces?", was Bob's inquiry. Judy nodded her head, and both laughed heartily. The firelight caught the glint of the little silver bands which shown brightly, but Judy didn't care. She knew that braces aren't so bad after all.

★ ★ ★

SALLY

It was the week before Christmas. I awoke and reached out to touch Sally. She was not there. I jumped out of bed and hurried down the stairs.

"Mother," I cried, "where is Sally?" I could tell by the look on her face that something had happened. My eyes widened when she said that Sally was gone.

The week dragged slowly to an end. At last it was Christmas morning. Mother woke me with, "Merry Christmas! Someone is downstairs waiting for you."

Who could it be? Had Sally come back? I ran down the steps and into the living room. There, on the sofa sat Sally. She was even more beautiful than before. Her clear blue eyes shone happily at me. Her lips were parted in a gay smile. The doll hospital had certainly done wonders for my Sally.

ELEANOR DUTTON, '52
St. Peter's Annex

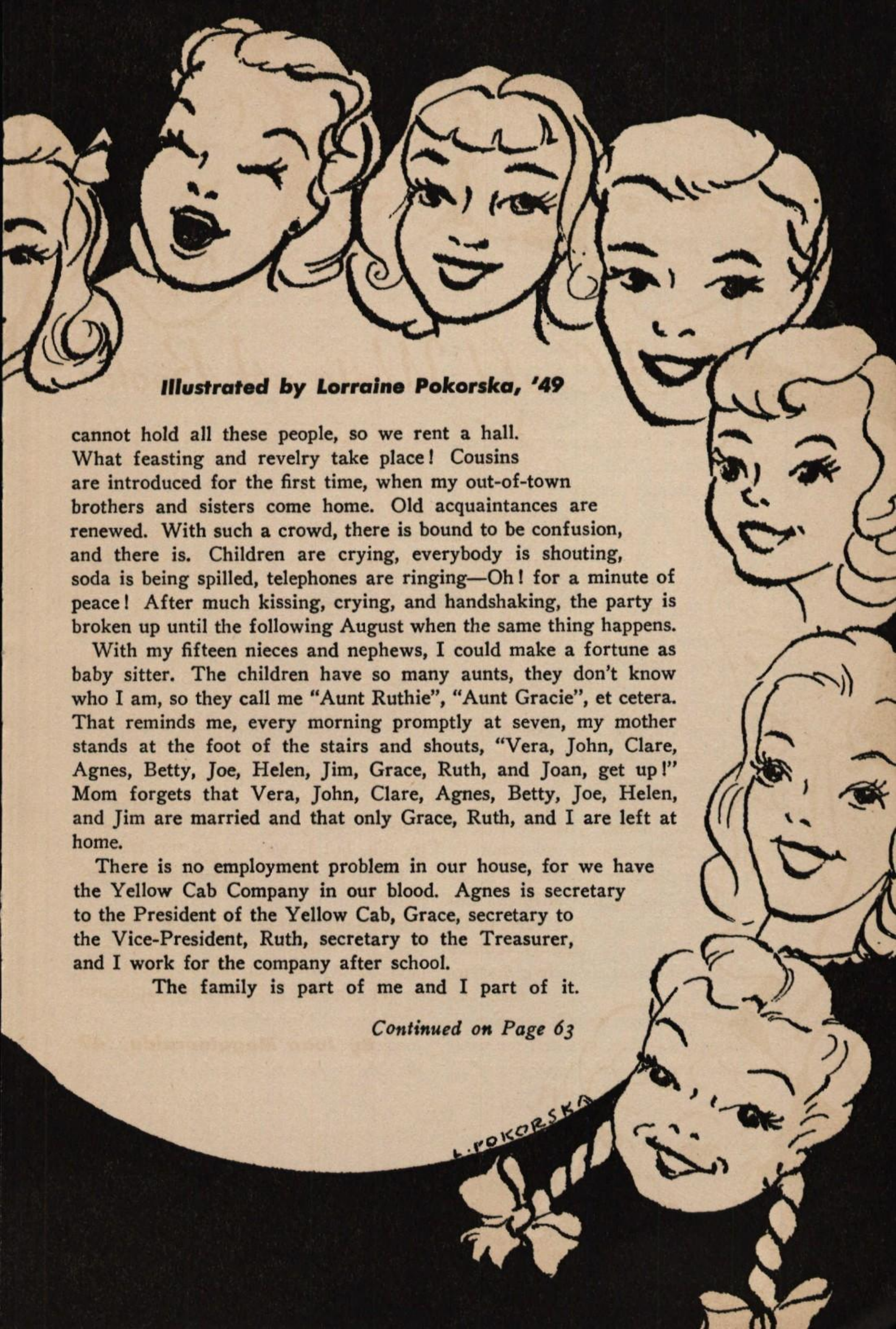
I Could Write A Book

In a LARGE family there is never a dull moment. Either someone is getting appendicitis or else he or she is graduating. In 1945 the eleventh Maggioncalda graduated from Our Lady of Mercy School. Next June I shall be the seventh to graduate from Hallahan. With so many sisters you might think I would have a large selection of clothes, but the only sister who wears my size lives in Boston, and that's too far away to go to borrow anything.

There's a big advantage, however, in having brothers and sisters living in different cities. If it weren't for John's living in Pittsburgh, I might never have visited the "Smoky City." Since Helen lives in Boston, we toured that historic city. Betty's moving to Niagara Falls made it ideal for the family to see the Falls and some of Canada. Clare makes her home in Washington, D. C., so we visited the capitol. When Agnes resided, for a short time, near Lake Ontario, the family hustled into our Chevrolet and off we went. Just visiting the family has given us the wanderlust. Last summer we went to Virginia, but it was to see the famous Luray Caverns, not to visit relatives. Dad has promised to take us to California next summer.

But back to the large family—every August we have a family reunion. Can you imagine what it's like when five married sisters and three married brothers and their children get together? Naturally, our house

By Joan Maggioncalda, '49



Illustrated by Lorraine Pokorska, '49

cannot hold all these people, so we rent a hall. What feasting and revelry take place! Cousins are introduced for the first time, when my out-of-town brothers and sisters come home. Old acquaintances are renewed. With such a crowd, there is bound to be confusion, and there is. Children are crying, everybody is shouting, soda is being spilled, telephones are ringing—Oh! for a minute of peace! After much kissing, crying, and handshaking, the party is broken up until the following August when the same thing happens.

With my fifteen nieces and nephews, I could make a fortune as baby sitter. The children have so many aunts, they don't know who I am, so they call me "Aunt Ruthie", "Aunt Gracie", et cetera. That reminds me, every morning promptly at seven, my mother stands at the foot of the stairs and shouts, "Vera, John, Clare, Agnes, Betty, Joe, Helen, Jim, Grace, Ruth, and Joan, get up!" Mom forgets that Vera, John, Clare, Agnes, Betty, Joe, Helen, and Jim are married and that only Grace, Ruth, and I are left at home.

There is no employment problem in our house, for we have the Yellow Cab Company in our blood. Agnes is secretary to the President of the Yellow Cab, Grace, secretary to the Vice-President, Ruth, secretary to the Treasurer, and I work for the company after school.

The family is part of me and I part of it.

Continued on Page 63

LOVE thy neighbor

By Loretta Tortella, '50

MR. MERCALDO lived in 2083 and Mr. Hepenstein in 2018 on the same street. They were not friendly as they forever battled over little things. At the radio studio, matters reached a climax. Mr. Hepenstein was a contestant on the same quiz show as Mr. Mercaldo. When Mr. Mercaldo saw his neighbor coming to take a seat beside him on the stage, he shouted in his best English, "Copp-da-puss," and Mr. Hepenstein answered back, "Coppy-cat, vhy don't you learn Henglish?"

"Me learn Englishe!" cried Mr. Mercaldo, "I'm a citizen; you, you speaka da Pales-Palestino; you no 'Mericano."

"Vat you tink, I vas not born here?"

"Den," came back Mr. Mercaldo, "I feel-a-sorry, cause 'Merica hafta claim you."

"Vhy, you salami," shouted Mr. Hepenstein.

"Et-tu-you fish," retorted Mr. Mercaldo just as loud. Meanwhile the announcer had his hands full trying to quiet them. When at last they were settled, Mr. Hepenstein was called to the microphone.

"Now Mr. Hepenstein," questioned the announcer, "Can you tell me who is called the 'Father of Our Country'?"

But before Mr. Hepenstein could answer, Mr. Mercaldo called "Washing-a-ton."

"Now please, don't call out the answer. We'll try again. Who is called the 'Father of the American Navy'?"

"John-a-Barri-a-more," volunteered Mr. Mercaldo.

"Please, no coaching," pleaded the announcer.

"Now, that answer was incorrect. Can you give me the right one, Mr. Hepenstein?" As Mr. Hepenstein thought, Mr. Mercaldo rose and advanced towards the announcer.

"Hey, mister, what-a-make you tink John-a-Barri-a-more wrong? I know da answer, she-za right!"

"Please, I asked you not to interfere," pleaded the announcer. When Mr. Mercaldo opened his mouth to speak again, the announcer shouted in sheer desperation "Barry, Barry, not Barrymore—now sit down."

When the audience and contestants, had finally composed themselves, the announcer tried again. "Mr. Hepenstein, 'Old Ironsides' was a horse, tank, or ship?"

"Ship!" answered Mr Hepenstein.

"Correct!" gleefully cried the announcer. When the prize was given, Mr. Mercaldo was called.

"When did Christopher Columbus discover America?" was the question. Mr. Mercaldo said without hesitation, "Fourteen-nineta two-a!"

"Correct," declared the announcer as he ushered him quickly off stage, gave him a prize, and showed him the door.

At home, Mr. Mercaldo told his wife and five children about the audacity of Mr. Hepenstein who knew they weren't on friendly terms but still went to the same quiz show as he himself. When his round and rosy wife, Nina, heard this, she said ruefully, "Giovanni, don't you tink Mr. Hepenstein gotta right to be on same quiz shows as you? Dis is America; plenty freedoms and quiz shows for alla. What woulda say if dey tol you —'Mr. Mercaldo, you no can be on show cause Mr. Hepenstein on same onea.' What woulda you say?"

After a few moments of thought, she continued, "Giovanni, you say you love America, but what is it you love? I tell you, da people, all different people wit da same freedoms making up dis America.

It was a sad and shamefaced Giovanni that went to sleep that night. But the next morning things looked different as the two neighbors approached each other. Mr. Mercaldo, speaking first, said, "Mr. Hepenstein, I justa phoned for two tickets for da new quiz show. How you like-a go wit me?"

"I was going to ask you the same thing," responded Mr. Hepenstein.

"Fine we take da kids. You know dis, Mr. Hepenstein, she-za 'Merica, me, you, Tony Louie, Herman, all of dem, we 'Mericans, we 'Merica! Wat you say we be friends?"

"Fine, Mr. Mercaldo, Fine! I vas going to say da same ting," returned Mr. Hepenstein."

"But I still tinka answer she za John-a Barri-a-more," called back Mr. Mercaldo as he hurried off to his store.

Late November

The lake looks chill and lonely now;
The boats and rafts are gone.
Gone, too, the merry youngsters who
Had frolicked on the lawn.

The trees are bare, the grass is brown,
The corn is in the shock;
The orchards stand deserted as
The year moves 'round the clock.

KATHLEEN GIBBONS, '49

ALL off! . . . YOU, TOO, RUTH

By Barbara McCloskey, '50

RUTH AINSLIE knew she had a long journey ahead of her. She was returning to her second year of college and decided to spend the time analyzing herself. To put it in plain words, she was a dreamer. From her earliest years she spent all her spare moments pretending. As a child she would imagine herself in impossible situations with all the toys she wanted. Of course she didn't want to deprive other children, and she wasn't jealous of them, but she felt that if her dreams came true she would be completely happy.

Then came those glorious years of the teen-ager. Glorious? Ruth laughed regretfully at this thought. Teen-age romances? Boys? Dates? She had millions of them—all in her dreams. She had crushes on handsome street-car conductors, actors, and football heroes. These ideas blossomed forth into a beautiful love, in her mind at least. Oh, the boys didn't exactly ignore her, and the girls were most friendly, but when it came to a date she was never invited. In fact, she was never even thought of as a potential friend in the teen-age sense of the word. She was just the "pal" who was a whiz at math and would always help you if you needed it.

Now her college years! If the first year was in any way a prediction of what was to come, her social life in college would be just a repetition of high school. There across the aisle from her on the train sat Jim Lorry, the wonderful football player. He was a junior and he didn't even know she was alive, much less a member of the same school as he. But wait! He seemed to sense that he was being observed, and he looked up with a smile. Ruth held her breath expectantly. Would he speak?

"Hello," said a friendly masculine voice.

"Hello," replied Ruth hesitantly.

"My name's Jim Lorry," he continued.

"Yes, I know, I've seen you often."

"You have? Where?"

"At Hunt College. I go there too."

"You do? It's funny I've never seen you before."

"Oh, I'm just a sophomore."

"Yes, but still you're so attractive that I should have met you at one of the dances or have seen you on the campus with one of the fellows."

Ruth's face turned a delicate pink as she replied, "I suppose it's just a coincidence that we've never met before."

"I'll certainly try to remedy that. What are you doing tonight?"

The train suddenly gave a jerk, and Ruth heard the conductor shout, "All off for Hunt College!" With a start she woke from her daydream just in time to see the boy of her reverie pass by her without so much as a glance in her direction. She picked up her suitcase with a heavy heart as she thought to herself, "At least I have my dreams."

★ ★ ★

NO BARGAIN

I convinced my mother that I needed a new hat, so off we went to town. After going from hat bar to hat bar and from store to store, we finally reached a counter in Gimbel's bargain basement on which were piled hats and more hats. My eyes beheld a very cute number which I knew right away was the one for me. The hat was a pink straw with a short black lace veil on it and priced at only two dollars. I paid the salesgirl with a twenty dollar bill and neglecting to count the change I handed it to my mother who placed it directly in her purse. Upon arriving home we looked at the sales slip and to our astonishment the cost of the hat was twelve dollars. Well, at least I did have a hat, even if it wasn't a bargain.

PATRICIA ANDRIS, '52
St. Peter's Annex

I Could Write a Book

Continued from Page 59

But besides the advantages of travel, company, and securing a job, it has a disadvantage in that I must equal, even surpass, my brothers' and sisters' good reputations. Through grammar school I realized how much I lacked Vera's personality, John's leadership, Clare's sense of responsibility, Agnes's beauty, Betty's pleasantness, Joe's humor, Helen's wit, Jim's intelligence, Grace's initiative, and Ruth's merriment. When I came to Hallahan, the virtues of my six sisters loomed before me. Vera had been captain of the basketball team, Agnes, vice-president of the Senior Class, Helen, Editor of SILVER SANDS, Betty and Ruth, honor students, and Grace, a representative. What could I do to compare with their accomplishments? This essay is my answer. Although it isn't much, it's something tangible, something I can show in future years as my contribution to Hallahan.

Television Has Its Faults Too

By Gina Candelori, '49

TELEVISION, the renowned invention of the Atomic Age! The advertisements say that it is as good as a perpetual moving picture show. They remind the potential buyer that it provides perennial entertainment when his friends drop in for a visit. This is what I recalled when my brother bought us a set. He's a television serviceman and a very generous company gave him one as a tester.

First, we were uncertain where in the house to put this intricate mechanism; but after some deliberation, we decided on the dining room. That room is spacious and equipped with several chairs. (We were audience conscious, immediately.) On what would we put this table model? Unanimously, the family selected the table from my bedroom. The television provided other problems, not so easily solved. The antennae, a hideous instrument, had to be maneuvered to the roof. My brother, by no means a gentle creature, drilled a hole in the window frame of the dining room in order to get the wire of the set through to attach it to the antennae on the roof. (I won't mention my mother's reaction when she saw the havoc he had wrought.)

After much hammering, drilling, and general destruction, my brother said that the television was ready for the unveiling. My brother tuned it in and it played wonderfully. He explained that on our set there are three channels or stations and usually three controls, one for focus, one for brightness, and one for contrast.

Let me relate some of the peculiarities of television which I have discoverd after a careful survey. Everything rides along quite smoothly when the family is seated looking at a show, but there are certain definite transmissions on which you can rely when you have company.

First, there is the "mechanical drawing" view in which you are forced to look at narrow, flickering white lines flashing on the screen. That picture has brightness, but little focus or contrast. Then there follows the "woodwork" picture in which termite-eaten logs pass through horizontally. Here the emphasis is on contrast. Next comes the "smoke screen" vision in which everything is so hazy and blurred that you can't see what's going on. Brightness, focus, and contrast are all missing here.

There are times when the television

is working after a fashion, but the scene hasn't been focused correctly. Then you get either a man's feet or just the top of his head. When you finally see him in entirety, his image may quiver or suddenly be obscured by the termite-eaten logs, a flash of stars, or sudden snow. But these vagaries are minor. Consider the special features of television. There are the amateur hours, hours of them and all amateurs. Above all, there are the moving pictures, each of which has stood the test of time, a long, long, time.

Who am I to discourage a sale? If you are planning to buy one, go right ahead. Television is quite novel and makes an ornate piece of furniture.

Of

Seasons,

The

Queen

Spring will always return,
Delicate and lovely, of seasons, the queen,
To call forth the leaves
And dower the earth
With her mantle of vivid jade green,
To bring with her the hope and thrill
Of summer's raptures to be welcomed still.
Summer will fade in golden bliss,
Chilled by the touch of autumn's kiss.
Though lonely in winter the heart may yearn,
Spring will always return!

JOAN LYNCH, '49

★ ★ ★

DOUBLE TROUBLE

As I strolled home from school on March 14, 1944, I was unaware of the surprise in store for me. As I walked into the house my father greeted me with the words, "You are now the sister of twins". Well, you could have knocked me over with a feather, I was so surprised. My father had a hard time convincing me, but he finally succeeded. Since it was so near St. Patrick's Day we named one of them Patricia and the other Kathleen. When they came home from the hospital they were so little you could just about see them. But today after four and a half years they are so big you can hear and see them all over the house. Thank God!

JOSEPHINE R. HYNES, '52
St. Peter's Annex

NOT in The Blueprint

By Catherine Moylan, '49

IT HAD been bright and sunny, that summer's day two years ago. I had arrived on the beach a little later than the rest of the crowd. Not that I really had any reason to arrive late, but I always did. The crowd used to kid me about never being on time.

Upon my arrival, I had been so busy straightening out my beach paraphernalia and answering remarks about being late that a few minutes had passed before I noticed a new addition to the crowd. Someone, I don't remember who, had mumbled some sort of introduction, and so I learned that his name was Mike Grady.

Mike wasn't the type of fellow who would make you think of Peter Lawford, but he didn't remind me of Frankenstein, either. He was just sort of average. After the first hasty introduction, we talked a lot. I discovered that he was four months older than I, the same year in high school, liked to dance and skate, was star halfback on his school football team (this fact, he was reluctant to admit), and that we thought the same way about lots of things. The afternoon was almost over before he got around to asking me for a date.

Our first date went off smoothly. It was one of the few times in my life that I was on time. After that Mike and I dated a lot and had lots of fun together. Soon, I became known as his girl.

That summer went faster than any other I've ever known. During the winter, although Mike and I lived seventy miles apart, we saw each other about once a month. He took me to his Prom and I took him to mine. We didn't go "steady", because both of us felt we were much too young. Since we were seniors, with lots of extra activities, the winter didn't take too long in passing.

So, as easily as counting one, two, three, another summer arrived. Mike and I arrived at the seashore with it. Things easily fell back into their old pattern. And thus, another summer sped past. Still there was no mention of the future because we felt too uncertain about our respective careers.

Winter came upon us once more, and our distance of seventy miles increased to two hundred miles because Mike went away to college. Naturally we saw each other less and less.

I became interested in someone else. I couldn't write the news to Mike. I

"TO BE YOUNG WAS VERY HEAVEN"

thought it better to tell him when I saw him again.

Two months ago when summer arrived, I had my chance. Once more I made my way to the shore. Mike, who had arrived a week ahead of me, met me at the station. While we were driving home, I tried to get up enough courage to tell him, but I just coulln't do it. When he asked me for a date that night I said yes, and when we reached home I told him. At first, he was very surprised, then he told me he was very glad for me. Then he said, "Carol, I've some news for you, but please don't tell anyone else. I want to keep it a secret for a while. I'm interested in someone else, too."

So, the summer once more passed away. Mike and I remained very good friends. Perhaps that explains why we're traveling together on this train. But once this trip ends it will be a long time before we see each other again. Tomorrow I'm entering the Convent of the Holy Angels as a postulant, and Mike is starting his first year in the seminary. That someone else we're both interested in is God.

The Luck Of The Irish

AS I WALKED down the street I wondered, "Is it worth it? Yes," I concluded, "it certainly is worth it, but I can't seem to make other people think so." As I turned these thoughts over in my mind, I was getting nearer and nearer to my destination. "Would this be like all the rest?" I asked myself. I supposed so. I was gradually becoming very disgusted with my own little campaign. I turned the corner. Only one more block to go! Could I take another disappointment? I must! Soon I was standing in front of my goal—Crane's Grocery Store. "I'll turn back now," I thought, but no—I must go through with it. Summoning all my courage, I entered the store. I closed the door with its tinkling bell behind me. There was no turning back now! "May I help you?" asked Mr. Crane from behind the counter. I was half tempted to pretend that I wanted to buy something but I couldn't. Swallowing the lump in my throat, I asked the oft repeated question. I couldn't even bear to look directly at Mr. Crane, for I knew only too well what the answer would be. I turned at last—could I be dreaming? It wasn't possible but yet there it was. A smile was upon the kind, old gentleman's face. A ray of hope reached my sunken heart. At last my hopes were realized as Mr. Crane turned and said, "Sure, Dottie, I'll be a patron to your Senior Play."

DOROTHY MCCOMBES, '49

To a swell Friend
Mary Donnelly 51"

Lots of Luck
Gloria "D'Ulisse" 51

"2 sweet 2 be 4 gotten"
Rita Giovannone
"C-1"

Love & Luck
Lee Dwyer '51

Lots of Luck
Catherine Grant
"51"

Love and Lollipops
Claire Dougherty '51

Best of Luck
Rosemary Dougherty

Helen now, Helen forever,
D'Ulisse now, but not forever I hope
'51

Luck
Dorothy Fedor

To a good egg
But a little "cracked"
Jerry Garrant 51"

To a swell pal
Mary Dougherty
'51

Good Luck!

Good Luck
Jane Fragasso '51

Smooth sailing
Sophie Helen Donovan

Lots of Luck
Anna Di Stefano
'51

Lots of Luck
Martha Salerno

Good Luck!
Ruth Hansen '51

"Best of Luck"
Marie Fratrik '51

Luck + Happiness
Agneda Baron
"49"

Luck to You Sa Yaw
J U N I O R S E N I O R
Lots of Luck Mazzocone "50"

Good Luck
to the future
Peggy Ryder "49"

"Good Luck"
to a swell
Sophomore
Terry Bagnell '50"

Luck Always
Pat. Quinn "50"

Best of Everything
Always and all ways
Barbara Louise '50

Best of everything
always - all ways
Love Luck
Jeanne
Rose

Lots of Always
Nancy Allyn '50"

Best Wishes
Patsy Martin
'50

Best of Luck & Success to a Fine
H.A. Board Member
Miss Daley

"Lots of Luck"

"Lots of Luck"

Pats of Luck to Jan Keenan

To a little "Sopk"
from a big Junior
Manpower Shoemaker "50"

Best of Luck Always
Rita Di Giuseppe '50

Elizabeth DeCesare

ALMA MATER

Let a floodtide of song from our hearts pour along,

O Girls of the Hallahan High,

For the Mother whose art doth her knowledge impart

As Religion's grand ally.

She hath giv'n us dower of the mightiest power,

Enrolled us 'neath standard blest,

On whose azure field triple lily sealed,
Inscribed the Alumnae's test.

JOHN W. HALLAHAN
CATHOLIC GIRLS'
HIGH SCHOOL
Philadelphia . Pennsylvania